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LIVES OF DONNE & HERBERT



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English Literature for Schools

IZAAK WALTON

LIVES OF DONNE & HERBERT

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LIVES OF DONNE & HERBERT

Edited by
S. C. ROBERTS, M.A.
Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge



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9 The text is based on that of 1675,
but the spelling and punctuation
have been modernised.

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INTRODUCTION

ISAAC WALTON is one of the many names in the history of English literature which are associated primarily with a single book; and it would be absurd to suggest that *The Compleat Angler* will ever be displaced as the major star in Walton's firmament. Nevertheless, Walton's place amongst the writers of English prose would be firmly established, though perhaps less widely recognised, even if *The Compleat Angler* had never been written. For the *Lives* reflect, with perfect clarity, certain abiding affections of which Walton was possessed—a love of sound learning, a love of the Anglican Church, and a love of his friends; and none of these was less genuine than his love of fishing.

Born at Stafford in 1593, Walton came to London at an early age. By 1618 he was a freeman of the Ironmongers' Company, and in 1624 he was established in "a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane." He was thus a neighbour of St Dunstan's-in-the-West and from 1623 to 1631 the Vicar of St Dunstan's was Dr John Donne. From this proximity there grew a firm friendship between the vicar and his parishioner and Donne delighted to bring Walton to the notice of his friends. Among them was Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton College.

Walton remained in St Dunstan's parish until 1644. By that time death had robbed him of his first wife as well as of Sir Henry Wotton and of Donne himself. The *Life* of Donne, published in 1640 as a preface to a collection of sermons and afterwards expanded, was Walton's

first literary work. Whether or no Walton went out of London when he left St Dunstan's parish, it is certain that he was living in Clerkenwell in 1650. By this time he had married a second wife, Anne Ken, and in 1651 the *Life* of Donne was followed by that of Sir Henry Wotton.

The Compleat Angler appeared in 1653 and royalists, as well as anglers, found cause to rejoice in it. Among Walton's best-loved rivers were the Lea, the Dove, and the Itchen; he spent much of his time with his friend Charles Cotton on the Dove and from 1678 to 1683 he lived at Winchester with his son-in-law, William Hawkins.

Of the remaining *Lives*, the third (that of Richard Hooker) was published in 1665; that of George Herbert in 1670; and that of Bishop Sanderson in 1678. All three are thus the product of a ripe old age and it is noteworthy that at the age of 80 Walton was by no means content with mere reprints. In the first collected edition (1670), which contained the *Lives* of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, many additions were made to the *Life* of Donne and further changes were made in 1675.

Walton died in 1683 and was buried in Winchester Cathedral; on his tombstone it is recorded, with truth, that his

well-spent life did last

Full ninety years and past.

Not the least of Walton's services to literature was his courage in attempting something for which he had no academic training to prepare him and no literary model to guide him. His *apologia* as a biographer may be read in his preface to the first collected edition of the *Lives*:

“When I sometime look back upon my education and

mean abilities, 'tis not without some little wonder at my self that I come to be publickly in print."

The *Life* of Donne, he explains, was to have been written by Sir Henry Wotton for whom he was collecting notes; but Wotton died and Walton found that he could not "make a fair retreat." The *Life* of Donne "begot a like necessity" of writing a similar *Life* of Wotton. The *Life* of Herbert was written chiefly to please himself, but "not without some respect to posterity."

Whatever the motive, the result was remarkable. The modern reader may best appreciate the measure of Walton's achievement by endeavouring to transport himself back to the century preceding that in which Johnson and Boswell, each in his own way, attained to supreme distinction in biographical composition.

Walton's *Lives*, it may be noted, was one of the "most favourite books" of Samuel Johnson, who regarded that of Donne as "the most perfect"; Boswell, too, was "most pleasingly edified" by Walton's writings.

But, from the critical point of view, Walton the biographer may be better studied in comparison with Thomas Fuller¹. Fuller's approach to biography was that of the character-writer. Thus, in *The Holy State* (1642) the character of "The Good Sea Captain" leads to a sketch of the career of Sir Francis Drake; similarly "The Wise Statesman" suggests Lord Burleigh. But Fuller was not concerned with biography in any serious sense. His sketches have been described as "practically short stories

¹ "Some agreeable conversation" passed between Fuller and Walton concerning the former's *Church History*. Walton approved of the facetious parts, since, with youthful readers, they would make the serious more palatable. (*Biographia Britannica*, III, 2061.)

with real heroes and heroines." Walton, on the other hand, set out with the deliberate purpose of preserving for posterity a faithful record of his friends. With Fuller he has this much in common—he is concerned more with character than with career. To biographical completeness he made no pretensions. Loving and admiring the men of whom he wrote, he attempted, in his own way, to present their personalities to his readers without any slavish adherence to exact chronology or proportion.

Both Donne and Herbert were men who took Holy Orders after experiences and activities of a mundane character; but Walton is not over-much interested in Jack Donne, the poet of sensuous experiment, or in George Herbert, the courtly orator whose duty it was to welcome James I and other distinguished visitors to the University of Cambridge. For Walton, Donne is "a second St Austin" with "all his studies, which had been occasionally diffused...concentered in Divinity...a preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St Paul was, to Heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives: here picturing a Vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it; and a Virtue so as to make it beloved, even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an unexpressible addition of comeliness."

Similarly the most vivid picture which Walton draws of George Herbert is that of the Rector of Bemerton:

"And some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when Mr Herbert's Saint's-bell rung to

prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him; and would then return back to their plough. And his most holy life was such, that it begot such reverence to God, and to him, that they thought themselves the happier, when they carried Mr Herbert's blessing back with them to their labour. Thus powerful was his reason and example to persuade others to a practical piety and devotion."

It is a picture worthy to be set alongside that of the Parson of Chaucer's *Prologue* and nothing better illustrates Walton's biographical skill than his sure sense in the selection of incident for the illustration of character. Not often has literary art served to make so satisfying a picture of scholarly piety as that which is found in the *Lives* of John Donne and George Herbert.

THE LIFE
OF
DR JOHN DONNE

LATE DEAN
OF ST PAUL'S CHURCH
LONDON

THE INTRODUCTION

IF that great master of language and art, Sir Henry Wotton, the late Provost of Eton College, had lived to see the publication of these Sermons, he had presented the world with the Author's life exactly written; and 'twas pity he did not, for it was a work worthy his undertaking, and he fit to undertake it: betwixt whom and the Author there was so mutual a knowledge, and such a friendship contracted in their youth, as nothing but death could force a separation. And, though their bodies were divided, their affections were not; for that learned Knight's love followed his friend's fame beyond death and the forgetful grave; which he testified by entreating me, whom he acquainted with his design, to enquire of some particulars that concerned it, not doubting but my knowledge of the Author, and love to his memory, might make my diligence useful: I did most gladly undertake the employment, and continued it with great content, till I had made my collection ready to be augmented and completed by his matchless pen: but then death prevented his intentions.

When I heard that sad news, and heard also that these Sermons were to be printed, and want the Author's life, which I thought to be very remarkable; indignation or grief—indeed I know not which—transported me so far, that I reviewed my forsaken collections, and resolved the world should see the best plain picture of the Author's life, that my artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present to it.

And if I shall now be demanded, as once Pompey's poor bondman was¹, "the grateful wretch had been left alone on the sea-shore with the forsaken dead body of his once glorious lord and master; and was then gathering the scattered pieces of an old broken boat, to make a funeral

¹ Plutarch.

pile to burn it; which was the custom of the Romans—Who art thou, that alone hast the honour to bury the body of Pompey the Great?" So, who am I, that do thus officiously set the Author's memory on fire? I hope the question will prove to have in it more of wonder than disdain; but wonder indeed the reader may, that I, who profess myself artless, should presume with my faint light to shew forth his life, whose very name makes it illustrious! But, be this to the disadvantage of the person represented: certain I am, it is to the advantage of the beholder, who shall here see the Author's picture in a natural dress, which ought to beget faith in what is spoken: for he that wants skill to deceive, may safely be trusted.

And if the Author's glorious spirit, which now is in heaven, can have the leisure to look down and see me, the poorest, the meanest of all his friends, in the midst of his officious duty, confident I am, that he will not disdain this well-meant sacrifice to his memory: for, whilst his conversation made me and many others happy below, I know this humility and gentleness were then eminent; and, I have heard divines say, those virtues that were but sparks upon earth, become great and glorious flames in heaven.

Before I proceed further, I am to entreat the reader to take notice, that when Doctor Donne's Sermons were first printed, this was then my excuse for daring to write his life; and I dare not now appear without it.

THE LIFE

MASTER JOHN DONNE was born in London, in the year 1573, of good and virtuous parents: and, though his own learning and other multiplied merits may justly appear sufficient to dignify both himself and his posterity; yet the reader may be pleased to know, that his father was masculinely and lineally descended from a very ancient family in Wales, where many of his name now live, that deserve, and have great reputation in that country.

By his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, sometime Lord Chancellor of England: as also, from that worthy and laborious Judge Rastall, who left posterity the vast Statutes of the Law of this nation most exactly abridged.

He had his first breeding in his father's house, where a private tutor had the care of him, until the tenth year of his age; and, in his eleventh year, was sent to the university of Oxford; having at that time a good command both of the French and Latin tongue. This, and some other of his remarkable abilities, made one then give this censure of him; That this age had brought forth another Picus Mirandula; of whom story says, that he was rather born, than made wise by study.

There he remained for some years in Hart-Hall, having, for the advancement of his studies, tutors of several sciences to attend and instruct him, till time made him capable, and his learning expressed in public exercises, declared him worthy, to receive his first degree in the schools, which he forbore by advice from his friends, who, being for their religion of the Romish

persuasion, were conscionably averse to some parts of the oath that is always tendered at those times, and not to be refused by those that expect the titular honour of their studies.

About the fourteenth year of his age, he was transplanted from Oxford to Cambridge; where, that he might receive nourishment from both soils, he staid till his seventeenth year; all which time he was a most laborious student, often changing his studies, but endeavouring to take no degree, for the reasons formerly mentioned.

About the seventeenth year of his age he was removed to London, and then admitted into Lincoln's Inn, with an intent to study the Law; where he gave great testimonies of his wit, his learning, and of his improvement in that profession; which never served him for other use than an ornament and self-satisfaction.

His father died before his admission into this society; and, being a merchant, left him his portion in money. (It was £3000.) His mother, and those to whose care he was committed, were watchful to improve his knowledge, and to that end appointed him tutors both in the mathematics, and in all the other liberal sciences, to attend him. But with these arts, they were advised to instil into him particular principles of the Romish Church; of which those tutors professed, though secretly, themselves to be members.

They had almost obliged him to their faith; having for their advantage, besides many opportunities, the example of his dear and pious parents, which was a most powerful persuasion, and did work much upon him, as he professeth in his preface to his *Pseudo-Martyr*, a book of which the reader shall have some account in what follows.

He was now entered into the eighteenth year of his age; and at that time had betrothed himself to no religion, that might give him any other denomination than a Christian. And reason and piety had both persuaded him, that there could be no such sin as Schism, if an adherence to some visible Church were not necessary.

About the nineteenth year of his age, he, being then

unresolved what religion to adhere to, and considering how much it concerned his soul to choose the most orthodox, did therefore—though his youth and health promised him a long life—to rectify all scruples that might concern that, presently lay aside all study of the Law, and of all other sciences that might give him a denomination; and begun seriously to survey and consider the body of Divinity, as it was then controverted betwixt the Reformed and the Roman Church. And, as God's blessed Spirit did then awaken him to the search, and in that industry did never forsake him—they be his own words¹—so he calls the same Holy Spirit to witness this protestation; that in that disquisition and search, he proceeded with humility and diffidence in himself; and by that which he took to be the safest way; namely, frequent prayers, and an indifferent affection to both parties; and indeed, Truth had too much light about her to be hid from so sharp an enquirer; and he had too much ingenuity, not to acknowledge he had found her.

Being to undertake this search, he believed the Cardinal Bellarmine to be the best defender of the Roman cause, and therefore betook himself to the examination of his reasons. The cause was weighty, and wilful delays had been inexcusable both towards God and his own conscience: he therefore proceeded in this search with all moderate haste, and about the twentieth year of his age, did shew the then Dean of Gloucester—whose name my memory hath now lost—all the Cardinal's works marked with many weighty observations under his own hand; which works were bequeathed by him, at his death, as a legacy to a most dear friend.

About a year following he resolved to travel: and the Earl of Essex going first the Cales, and after the Island voyages, the first anno 1596, the second 1597, he took the advantage of those opportunities, waited upon his Lordship, and was an eye-witness of those happy and unhappy employments.

¹ In his Preface to Pseudo-Martyr.

But he returned not back into England, till he had staid some years, first in Italy, and then in Spain, where he made many useful observations of those countries, their laws and manner of government, and returned perfect in their languages.

The time that he spent in Spain, was, at his first going into Italy, designed for travelling to the Holy Land, and for viewing Jerusalem and the Sepulchre of our Saviour. But at his being in the furthest parts of Italy, the disappointment of company, or of a safe convoy, or the uncertainty of returns of money into those remote parts, denied him that happiness, which he did often occasionally mention with a deploration.

Not long after his return into England, that exemplary pattern of gravity and wisdom, the Lord Ellesmere, then Keeper of the Great Seal, the Lord Chancellor of England, taking notice of his learning, languages, and other abilities, and much affecting his person and behaviour, took him to be his chief Secretary; supposing and intending it to be an introduction to some more weighty employment in the State; for which, his Lordship did often protest, he thought him very fit.

Nor did his Lordship in this time of Master Donne's attendance upon him, account him to be so much his servant, as to forget he was his friend; and, to testify it, did always use him with much courtesy, appointing him a place at his own table, to which he esteemed his company and discourse to be a great ornament.

He continued that employment for the space of five years, being daily useful, and not mercenary to his friends. During which time, he—I dare not say unhappily—fell into such a liking, as—with her approbation—increased into a love, with a young gentlewoman that lived in that family, who was niece to the Lady Ellesmere, and daughter to Sir George More, then Chancellor of the Garter and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir George had some intimation of it, and, knowing prevention to be a great part of wisdom, did therefore remove her with much haste, from that to his own house

at Lothesley, in the County of Surrey; but too late, by reason of some faithful promises which were so interchangeably passed, as never to be violated by either party.

These promises were only known to themselves; and the friends of both parties used much diligence, and many arguments, to kill or cool their affections to each other: but in vain; for love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion, that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds remove feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire. And such an industry did, notwithstanding much watchfulness against it, bring them secretly together—I forbear to tell the manner how—and at last to a marriage too, without the allowance of those friends, whose approbation always was, and ever will be necessary, to make even a virtuous love become lawful.

And, that the knowledge of their marriage might not fall, like an unexpected tempest, on those that were unwilling to have it so; and that pre-apprehensions might make it the less enormous when it was known, it was purposely whispered into the ears of many that it was so, yet by none that could affirm it. But, to put a period to the jealousies of Sir George—doubt often begetting more restless thoughts than the certain knowledge of what we fear—the news was, in favour to Mr Donne, and with his allowance, made known to Sir George, by his honourable friend and neighbour Henry, Earl of Northumberland; but it was to Sir George so immeasurably unwelcome, and so transported him, that, as though his passion of anger and inconsideration might exceed theirs of love and error, he presently engaged his sister, the Lady Ellësmere, to join with him to procure her lord to discharge Mr Donne of the place he held under his Lordship. This request was followed with violence; and though Sir George were remembered, that errors might be over punished, and desired therefore to forbear,

till second considerations might clear some scruples; yet he became restless until his suit was granted, and the punishment executed. And though the Lord Chancellor did not, at Mr Donne's dismissal, give him such a commendation as the great Emperor Charles the Fifth did of his Secretary Eraso, when he presented him to his son and successor, Philip the Second, saying, "That in his Eraso, he gave to him a greater gift than all his estate, and all the kingdoms which he then resigned to him": yet the Lord Chancellor said, "He parted with a friend, and such a Secretary as was fitter to serve a king than a subject."

Immediately after his dismissal from his service, he sent a sad letter to his wife, to acquaint her with it: and after the subscription of his name, writ,

John Donne, Anne Donne, Un-done;

And God knows it proved too true; for this bitter physic of Mr Donne's dismissal, was not enough to purge out all Sir George's choler; for he was not satisfied till Mr Donne and his sometime com-pupil in Cambridge, that married him, namely, Samuel Brooke, who was after Doctor in Divinity, and Master of Trinity College—and his brother Mr Christopher Brooke, sometime Mr Donne's chamber-fellow in Lincoln's Inn, who gave Mr Donne his wife, and witnessed the marriage, were all committed to three several prisons.

Mr Donne was first enlarged, who neither gave rest to his body or brain, nor to any friend in whom he might hope to have an interest, until he had procured an enlargement for his two imprisoned friends.

He was now at liberty, but his days were still cloudy: and being past these troubles, others did still multiply upon him; for his wife was—to her extreme sorrow—detained from him; and though with Jacob he endured not a hard service for her, yet he lost a good one, and was forced to make good his title, and to get possession of her by a long and restless suit in law; which proved troublesome and sadly chargeable to him, whose youth,

and travel, and needless bounty, had brought his estate into a narrow compass.

It is observed, and most truly, that silence and submission are charming qualities, and work most upon passionate men; and it proved so with Sir George; for these, and a general report of Mr Donne's merits, together with his winning behaviour—which, when it would entice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art;—these, and time had so dispassionated Sir George, that as the world had approved his daughter's choice, so he also could not but see a more than ordinary merit in his new son; and this at last melted him into so much remorse—for love and anger are so like agues, as to have hot and cold fits; and love in parents, though it may be quenched, yet is easily re-kindled, and expires not till death denies mankind a natural heat—that he laboured his son's restoration to his place; using to that end, both his own and his sister's power to her lord; but with no success; for his answer was, "That though he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and credit, to discharge and readmit servants at the request of passionate petitioners."

Sir George's endeavour for Mr Donne's re-admission, was by all means to be kept secret: for men do more naturally reluct for errors, than submit to put on those blemishes that attend their visible acknowledgment. But, however, it was not long before Sir George appeared to be so far reconciled, as to wish their happiness, and not to deny them his paternal blessing, but yet refused to contribute any means that might conduce to their livelihood.

Mr Donne's estate was the greatest part spent in many and chargeable travels, books, and dear-bought experience: he out of all employment that might yield a support for himself and wife, who had been curiously and plentifully educated; both their natures generous, and accustomed to confer, and not to receive, courtesies: these and other considerations, but chiefly that his wife was to bear a part in his sufferings, surrounded him with

many sad thoughts, and some apparent apprehensions of want.

But his sorrows were lessened and his wants prevented, by the seasonable courtesy of their noble kinsman, Sir Francis Wolly, of Pirford in Surrey, who intreated them to a cohabitation with him; where they remained with much freedom to themselves, and equal content to him, for some years; and as their charge increased—she had yearly a child—so did his love and bounty.

It hath been observed by wise and considering men, that wealth hath seldom been the portion, and never the mark to discover good people; but that Almighty God, who disposeth all things wisely, hath of his abundant goodness denied it—he only knows why—to many, whose minds he hath enriched with the greater blessings of knowledge and virtue, as the fairer testimonies of his love to mankind: and this was the present condition of this man of so excellent erudition and endowments; whose necessary and daily expences, were hardly reconcileable with his uncertain and narrow estate. Which I mention, for that at this time, there was a most generous offer made him for the moderating of his worldly cares; the declaration of which shall be the next employment of my pen.

God hath been so good to his Church, as to afford it in every age, some such men to serve at his altar, as have been piously ambitious of doing good to mankind; a disposition, that is so like to God himself, that it owes itself only to Him, who takes a pleasure to behold it in his creatures. These times¹ he did bless with many such; some of which still live to be patterns of apostolical charity, and of more than humane patience. I have said this, because I have occasion to mention one of them in my following discourse; namely, Dr Morton, the most laborious and learned Bishop of Durham; one that God hath blessed with perfect intellectuals and a cheerful heart at the age of 94 years—and is yet living:—one, that in his days of plenty had so large a heart, as to use

¹ 1648.

his large revenue to the encouragement of learning and virtue, and is now—be it spoken with sorrow—reduced to a narrow estate, which he embraces without repining; and still shews the beauty of his mind by so liberal a hand, as if this were an age in which to-morrow were to care for itself. I have taken a pleasure in giving the reader a short, but true character of this good man, my friend, from whom I received this following relation.—He sent to Mr Donne, and intreated to borrow an hour of his time for a conference the next day. After their meeting, there was not many minutes passed before he spake to Mr Donne to this purpose: “Mr Donne, the occasion of sending for you, is to propose to you what I have often revolved in my own thought since I last saw you: which nevertheless, I will not declare but upon this condition, that you shall not return me a present answer, but forbear three days, and bestow some part of that time in fasting and prayer; and after a serious consideration of what I shall propose, then return to me with your answer. Deny me not, Mr Donne; for, it is the effect of a true love, which I would gladly pay as a debt due for yours to me.”

This request being granted, the Doctor expressed himself thus:

“Mr Donne, I know your education and abilities; I know your expectation of a state-employment; and I know your fitness for it; and I know too the many delays and contingencies that attend court-promises: and let me tell you that my love, begot by our long friendship and your merits, hath prompted me to such an inquisition after your present temporal estate, as makes me no stranger to your necessities; which I know to be such as your generous spirit could not bear, if it were not supported with a pious patience. You know I have formerly persuaded you to wave your court-hopes, and enter into holy orders; which I now again persuade you to embrace, with this reason added to my former request: The King hath yesterday made me Dean of Gloucester, and I am also possessed of a benefice, the profits of

which are equal to those of my deanery; I will think my deanery enough for my maintenance—who am, and resolved to die, a single man—and will quit my benefice, and estate you in it—which the Patron is willing I shall do—if God shall incline your heart to embrace this motion. Remember, Mr Donne, no man's education or parts make him too good for this employment, which is to be an ambassador for the God of glory; that God, who by a vile death opened the gates of life to mankind. Make me no present answer; but remember your promise, and return to me the third day with your resolution."

At the hearing of this, Mr Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance, gave a visible testimony of an inward conflict: but he performed his promise, and departed without returning an answer till the third day, and then his answer was to this effect:

"My most worthy and most dear friend, since I saw you, I have been faithful to my promise, and have also meditated much of your great kindness, which hath been such as would exceed even my gratitude; but that it cannot do; and more I cannot return you; and I do that with an heart full of humility and thanks, though I may not accept of your offer: but, Sir, my refusal is not for that I think myself too good for that calling, for which Kings, if they think so, are not good enough: nor for that my education and learning, though not eminent, may not, being assisted with God's grace and humility, render me in some measure fit for it: but I dare make so dear a friend as you are, my confessor: some irregularities of my life have been so visible to some men, that though I have, I thank God, made my peace with him by penitential resolutions against them, and by the assistance of his grace banished them my affections; yet this, which God knows to be so, is not so visible to man, as to free me from their censures, and it may be that sacred calling from a dishonour. And besides, whereas it is determined by the best of casuists, that God's glory should be the first end, and a maintenance the second motive to embrace that calling; and though each man may propose to

himself both together, yet the first may not be put last without a violation of conscience, which he that searches the heart will judge. And truly my present condition is such, that if I ask my own conscience, whether it be reconcileable to that rule, it is at this time so perplexed about it, that I can neither give myself nor you an answer. You know, Sir, who says, 'Happy is that man whose conscience doth not accuse him for that thing which he does.' To these I might add other reasons that dissuade me; but I crave your favour that I may forbear to express them, and thankfully decline your offer."

This was his present resolution, but the heart of man is not in his own keeping; and he was destined to this sacred service by an higher hand; a hand so powerful, as at last forced him to a compliance: of which I shall give the reader an account, before I shall give a rest to my pen.

Mr Donne and his wife continued with Sir Francis Wolly till his death: a little before which time, Sir Francis was so happy as to make a perfect reconciliation betwixt Sir George, and his forsaken son and daughter; Sir George conditioning by bond, to pay to Mr Donne 800*l.* at a certain day, as a portion with his wife, or 20*l.* quarterly for their maintenance, as the interest for it, till the said portion was paid.

Most of those years that he lived with Sir Francis, he studied the Civil and Canon Laws; in which he acquired such a perfection, as was judged to hold proportion with many, who had made that study the employment of their whole life.

Sir Francis being dead, and that happy family dissolved, Mr Donne took for himself a house in Mitcham—near to Croydon in Surrey—a place noted for good air and choice company: there his wife and children remained; and for himself he took lodgings in London, near to White-hall, whither his friends and occasions drew him very often, and where he was as often visited by many of the Nobility and others of this nation, who used him in their counsels of greatest consideration, and with some rewards for his better subsistence.

Nor did our own Nobility only value and favour him, but his acquaintance and friendship was sought for by most Ambassadors of foreign nations, and by many other strangers, whose learning or business occasioned their stay in this nation.

He was much importuned by many friends to make his constant residence in London; but he still denied it, having settled his dear wife and children at Mitcham, and near some friends that were bountiful to them and him; for they, God knows, needed it: and that you may the better now judge of the then present condition of his mind and fortune, I shall present you with an extract collected out of some few of his many letters.

— “*And the reason why I did not send an answer to your last week’s letter, was, because it then found me under too great a sadness; and at present ’tis thus with me: There is not one person, but myself, well of my family: I have already lost half a child, and, with that mischance of hers, my wife has fallen into such a discomposure, as would afflict her too extremely, but that the sickness of all her other children stupifies her: of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope: and these meet with a fortune so ill-provided for physic, and such relief, that if God should ease us with burials, I know not how to perform even that: but I flatter myself with this hope, that I am dying too; for I cannot waste faster than by such griefs. As for, —*

From my Hospital at Mitcham.

Aug. 10.

JOHN DONNE.”

Thus he did bemoan himself: and thus in other letters.

— “*For, we hardly discover a sin, when it is but an omission of some good, and no accusing act: with this or the former, I have often suspected myself to be overtaken; which is, with an over-earnest desire of the next life: and, though I know it is not merely a weariness of this, because I had the same desire when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer hopes than I now do; yet I doubt worldly troubles have increased it: ’tis now Spring, and all the pleasures of*

it displease me; every other tree blossoms, and I wither: I grow older, and not better; my strength diminisheth, and my load grows heavier; and yet, I would fain be or do something; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder in this time of my sadness; for to choose is to do; but to be no part of any body, is as to be nothing: and so I am, and shall so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated into a part of the world, as by business to contribute some sustentation to the whole. This I made account; I began early, when I understood the study of our Laws; but was diverted by leaving that, and embracing the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptic immoderate desire of humane learning and languages: beautiful ornaments indeed to men of great fortunes, but mine was grown so low as to need an occupation; which I thought I entered well into, when I subjected myself to such a service as I thought might exercise my poor abilities: and there I stumbled, and fell too; and now I am become so little, or such a nothing, that I am not a subject good enough for one of my own letters.—Sir, I fear my present discontent, does not proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be nothing, that is, dead. But, Sir, though my fortune hath made me such, as that I am rather a sickness or a disease of the world, than any part of it, and therefore neither love it, nor life; yet I would gladly live to become some such thing as you should not repent loving me: Sir, your own soul cannot be more zealous for your good, than I am; and God, who loves that zeal in me, will not suffer you to doubt it: You would pity me now, if you saw me write, for my pain hath drawn my head so much awry, and holds it so, that my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive you into my prayers with mine own weary soul, and commend myself to yours. I doubt not but next week will bring you good news, for I have either mending or dying on my side: but, if I do continue longer thus, I shall have comfort in this, that my blessed Saviour in exercising his justice upon my two worldly parts, my fortune and my body, reserves all his mercy for that which most needs it, my soul! which is, I doubt, too like a porter, that is very often near the gate, and yet goes not out. Sir, I profess to

you truly, that my loathness to give over writing now, seems to myself a sign that I shall write no more.—

*Your poor friend, and
God's poor patient,*

Sept. 7.

JOHN DONNE."

By this you have seen a part of the picture of his narrow fortune, and the perplexities of his generous mind; and thus it continued with him for about two years, all which time his family remained constantly at Mitcham; and to which place he often retired himself, and destined some days to a constant study of some points of controversy betwixt the English and Roman Church, and especially those of Supremacy and Allegiance: and to that place and such studies, he could willingly have wedded himself during his life: but the earnest persuasion of friends became at last to be so powerful, as to cause the removal of himself and family to London, where Sir Robert Drewry, a gentleman of a very noble estate, and a more liberal mind assigned him and his wife an useful apartment in his own large house in Drury Lane, and not only rent free, but was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathized with him and his, in all their joy and sorrows.

At this time of Mr Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house, the Lord Hay, was by King James sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French King, Henry the Fourth; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French Court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on as sudden a resolution, to solicit Mr Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherways under so dangerous a habit of body, as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her; saying, "her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence"; and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr Donne lay aside all

thoughts of the journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty, when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him; and told his wife so; who did therefore, with an unwilling-willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve, the Ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr Donne, left London; and were the twelfth day got all safe in Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr Donne was left alone in that room in which Sir Robert, and he, and some other friends had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found, Mr Donne alone; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr Donne was not able to make a present answer: but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, Sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr Donne's reply was: "I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you: and am as sure, that at her second appearing, she stopped, and looked me in the face, and vanished."—Rest and sleep had not altered Mr Donne's opinion the next day: for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate, and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true.—It is truly said, that desire and doubt have no rest; and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry-House, with a charge to hasten back,

and bring him word, whether Mrs Donne were alive: and, if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account—That he found and left Mrs Donne very sad, and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Mr Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

This is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may; for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion that Visions and Miracles are ceased. And, though it is most certain, that two lutes, being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other, that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will—like an echo to a trumpet—warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls; and I am well pleased, that every Reader do enjoy his own opinion. But if the unbelieving, will not allow the believing Reader of this story, a liberty to believe that it may be true; then I wish him to consider, many wise men have believed that the ghost of Julius Cæsar did appear to Brutus, and that both St Austin, and Monica his mother, had visions in order to his conversion. And though these, and many others—too many to name—have but the authority of humane story, yet the incredible Reader may find in the Sacred story¹, that Samuel did appear to Saul even after his death—whether really or not, I undertake not to determine.—And Bildad, in the Book of Job, says these words²; “A spirit passed before my face; the hair of my head stood up; fear and trembling came upon me, and made all my bones to shake.” Upon which words I will make no comment, but leave them to be considered by the incredulous Reader; to whom I will also commend this following consideration: That there be many pious and learned men, that believe our merciful God hath assigned

¹ I Sam. xxviii. 14.

² Job iv. 13-16.

to every man a particular Guardian Angel, to be his constant monitor; and to attend him in all his dangers, both of body and soul. And the opinion that every man hath his particular Angel, may gain some authority, by the relation of St Peter's miraculous deliverance out of prison¹, not by many, but by one Angel. And this belief may yet gain more credit, by the Reader's considering, that when Peter after his enlargement knocked at the door of Mary the mother of John, and Rhode, the maid-servant, being surprised with joy that Peter was there, did not let him in, but ran in haste, and told the disciples—who were then and there met together—that Peter was at the door; and they, not believing it, said she was mad: yet, when she again affirmed it, though they then believed it not, yet they concluded, and said, "It is his Angel."

More observations of this nature, and inferences from them, might be made to gain the relation a firmer belief: but I forbear, lest I, that intended to be but a relator, may be thought to be an engaged person for the proving what was related to me; and yet I think myself bound to declare, that though it was not told me by Mr Donne himself, it was told me—now long since—by a Person of Honour, and of such intimacy with him, that he knew more of the secrets of his soul, than any person then living: and I think he told me the truth; for it was told with such circumstances, and such asseveration, that—to say nothing of my own thoughts—I verily believe he that told it me, did himself believe it to be true.

I forbear the Reader's farther trouble, as to the relation, and what concerns it; and will conclude mine, with commending to his view a copy of verses given by Mr Donne to his wife at the time that he then parted from her. And I beg leave to tell, that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say, that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them.

¹ Acts xii. 7-10. *Ibid.* 13-15.

THE LIFE OF
A VALEDICTION
FORBIDDING TO MOURN

*As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now, and some say, No:*

*So let us melt, and make no noise,
No wind-sighs, or tear-floods us move;
'Twere profanation of our joys,
To tell the laity our love.*

*Movings of th' earth, cause harms and fears:
Men reckon what it did or meant:
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.*

*Dull-sublunary lovers' love—
Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
Absence, because that doth remove
Those things that elemented it.*

*But we, by a soul so much refin'd,
That our souls know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care not hands, eyes, or lips to miss.*

*Our two souls therefore, which are one—
Though I must go—endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.*

*If we be two? we are two so
As stiff twin-compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but does if th' other do.*

*And though thine in the centre sit,
Yet, when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as mine comes home.*

*Such thou must be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I begun.*

I return from my account of the vision, to tell the Reader, that both before Mr Donne's going into France, at his being there, and after his return, many of the Nobility and others that were powerful at Court, were watchful and solicitous to the King for some secular employment for him. The King had formerly both known and put a value upon his company, and had also given him some hopes of a state-employment; being always much pleased when Mr Donne attended him, especially at his meals, where there were usually many deep discourses of general learning, and very often friendly disputes, or debates of religion, betwixt his Majesty and those divines, whose places required their attendance on him at those times: particularly the Dean of the Chapel, who then was Bishop Montague—the publisher of the learned and eloquent Works of his Majesty—and the most Reverend Doctor Andrews the late learned Bishop of Winchester, who was then the King's Almoner.

About this time there grew many disputes, that concerned the Oath of Supremacy and Allegiance, in which the King had appeared, and engaged himself by his public writings now extant: and his Majesty discoursing with Mr Donne, concerning many of the reasons which are usually urged against the taking of those Oaths, apprehended such a validity and clearness in his stating the questions, and his answers to them, that his Majesty commanded him to bestow some time in drawing the arguments into a method, and then to write his answers to them; and, having done that, not to send, but be his own messenger, and bring them to him. To this he presently and diligently applied himself, and within six weeks brought them to him under his own hand writing, as they be now printed; the book bearing the name of *Pseudo-Martyr*, printed anno 1610.

When the King had read and considered that book, he persuaded Mr Donne to enter into the Ministry; to which, at that time, he was, and appeared, very unwilling, apprehending it—such was his mistaking modesty—to be too weighty for his abilities: and though his Majesty had promised him a favour, and many persons of worth mediated with his Majesty for some secular employment for him—to which his education had apted him—and particularly the Earl of Somerset, when in his greatest height of favour; who being then at Theobald's with the King, where one of the Clerks of the Council died that night, the Earl posted a messenger for Mr Donne to come to him immediately, and at Mr Donne's coming, said, "Mr Donne, to testify the reality of my affection, and my purpose to prefer you, stay in this garden till I go up to the King, and bring you word that you are Clerk of the Council: doubt not my doing this, for I know the King loves you, and know the King will not deny me." But the King gave a positive denial to all requests, and, having a discerning spirit, replied, "I know Mr Donne is a learned man, has the abilities of a learned Divine, and will prove a powerful preacher; and my desire is to prefer him that way, and in that way I will deny you nothing for him." After that time, as he professeth¹, "the King descended to a persuasion, almost to a solicitation, of him to enter into sacred Orders": which, though he then denied not, yet he deferred it for almost three years. All which time he applied himself to an incessant study of Textual Divinity, and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned languages, Greek and Hebrew.

In the first and most blessed times of Christianity, when the Clergy were looked upon with reverence, and deserved it, when they overcame their opposers by high examples of virtue, by a blessed patience and long-suffering, those only were then judged worthy the Ministry, whose quiet and meek spirits did make them look upon that sacred calling with an humble adoration

¹ In his Book of Devotions.

and fear to undertake it; which indeed requires such great degrees of humility, and labour, and care, that none but such were then thought worthy of that celestial dignity. And such only were then sought out, and solicited to undertake it. This I have mentioned, because forwardness and inconsideration, could not, in Mr Donne, as in many others, be an argument of insufficiency or unfitness; for he had considered long, and had many strifes within himself concerning the strictness of life, and competency of learning, required in such as enter into sacred Orders; and doubtless, considering his own demerits, did humbly ask God with St Paul, "Lord, who is sufficient for these things?" and with meek Moses, "Lord, who am I?" And sure, if he had consulted with flesh and blood, he had not for these reasons put his hand to that holy plough. But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him, as the Angel did with Jacob, and marked him; marked him for his own; marked him with a blessing, a blessing of obedience to the motions of his blessed Spirit. And then, as he had formerly asked God with Moses, "Who am I?" so now, being inspired with an apprehension of God's particular mercy to him, in the King's and other solicitations of him, he came to ask King David's thankful question, "Lord, who am I, that thou art so mindful of me?" So mindful of me, as to lead me for more than forty years through this wilderness of the many temptations and various turnings of a dangerous life: so merciful to me, as to move the learnedest of Kings to descend to move me to serve at the altar! So merciful to me, as at last to move my heart to embrace this holy motion! Thy motions I will and do embrace: and I now say with the blessed Virgin, "Be it with thy servant as seemeth best in thy sight": and so, Blessed Jesus, I do take the Cup of Salvation, and will call upon thy Name, and will preach thy Gospel.

Such strifes as these St Austin had, when St Ambrose endeavoured his conversion to Christianity; with which he confesseth he acquainted his friend Alipius. Our

learned author—a man fit to write after no mean copy—did the like. And declaring his intentions to his dear friend Dr King, then Bishop of London, a man famous in his generation, and no stranger to Mr Donne's abilities—for he had been Chaplain to the Lord Chancellor, at the time of Mr Donne's being his Lordship's Secretary—that reverend man did receive the news with much gladness; and, after some expressions of joy, and a persuasion to be constant in his pious purpose, he proceeded with all convenient speed to ordain him first Deacon, and then Priest not long after.

Now the English Church had gained a second St Austin; for I think none was so like him before his conversion, none so like St Ambrose after it: and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellencies of the other; the learning and holiness of both.

And now all his studies, which had been occasionally diffused, were all centered in Divinity. Now he had a new calling, new thoughts, and a new employment for his wit and eloquence. Now, all his earthly affections were changed into Divine love; and all the faculties of his own soul were engaged in the conversion of others; in preaching the glad tidings of remission to repenting sinners, and peace to each troubled soul. To these he applied himself with all care and diligence: and now such a change was wrought in him, that he could say with David, "O how amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord God of Hosts!" Now he declared openly, "that when he required a temporal, God gave him a spiritual blessing." And that "he was now gladder to be a door-keeper in the House of God, than he could be to enjoy the noblest of all temporal employments."

Presently after he entered into his holy profession, the King sent for him, and made him his Chaplain in Ordinary, and promised to take a particular care for his preferment.

And, though his long familiarity with scholars and persons of greatest quality was such, as might have

given some men boldness enough to have preached to any eminent auditory; yet his modesty in this employment was such, that he could not be persuaded to it, but went usually accompanied with some one friend to preach privately in some village, not far from London; his first Sermon being preached at Paddington. This he did, till his Majesty sent and appointed him a day to preach to him at Whitehall; and, though much were expected from him, both by his Majesty and others, yet he was so happy—which few are—as to satisfy and exceed their expectations: preaching the Word so, as shewed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to distil into others: a preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St Paul was, to Heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives: here picturing a Vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it; and a Virtue so as to make it beloved, even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

There may be some that may incline to think—such indeed as have not heard him—that my affection to my friend hath transported me to an immoderate commendation of his preaching. If this meets with any such, let me entreat, though I will omit many, yet that they will receive a double witness for what I say; it being attested by a gentleman of worth—Mr Chidley, a frequent hearer of his Sermons—in part of a Funeral Elegy writ by him on Dr Donne; and is a known truth, though it be in verse.

— Each altar had his fire —
*He kept his love, but not his object; wit
 He did not banish, but transplanted it;
 Taught it both time and place, and brought it home
 To piety which it doth best become.*

*For say, had ever pleasure such a dress?
 Have you seen crimes so shap'd, or loveliness
 Such as his lips did clothe Religion in?
 Had not reproof a beauty passing Sin?
 Corrupted Nature sorrow'd that she stood
 So near the danger of becoming good.
 And, when he preach'd, she wish'd her ears exempt
 From piety, that had such pow'r to tempt.
 How did his sacred flattery beguile
 Men to amend? —*

More of this, and more witnesses, might be brought; but I forbear and return.

That Summer, in the very same month in which he entered into sacred Orders, and was made the King's Chaplain, his Majesty then going his Progress, was entertained to receive an entertainment in the University of Cambridge: and Mr Donne attending his Majesty at that time, his Majesty was pleased to recommend him to the University, to be made Doctor in Divinity: Doctor Harsnett—after Archbishop of York—was then Vice-Chancellor, who, knowing him to be the author of that learned book the Pseudo-Martyr, required no other proof of his abilities, but proposed it to the University, who presently assented, and expressed a gladness, that they had such an occasion to entitle him to be theirs.

His abilities and industry in his profession were so eminent, and he so known and so beloved by persons of quality, that within the first year of his entering into sacred Orders, he had fourteen advowsons of several benefices presented to him: but they were in the country, and he could not leave his beloved London, to which place he had a natural inclination, having received both his birth and education in it, and there contracted a friendship with many, whose conversation multiplied the joys of his life: but an employment that might affix him to that place would be welcome, for he needed it.

Immediately after his return from Cambridge, his wife died, leaving him a man of a narrow, unsettled estate,

and—having buried five—the careful father of seven children then living, to whom he gave a voluntary assurance, never to bring them under the subjection of a step-mother; which promise he kept most faithfully, burying with his tears, all his earthly joys in his most dear and deserving wife's grave, and betook himself to a most retired and solitary life.

In this retiredness, which was often from the sight of his dearest friends, he became crucified to the world, and all those vanities, those imaginary pleasures, that are daily acted on that restless stage; and they were as perfectly crucified to him. Nor is it hard to think—being passions may be both changed and heightened by accidents—but that that abundant affection which once was betwixt him and her, who had long been the delight of his eyes, and the companion of his youth; her, with whom he had divided so many pleasant sorrows and contented fears, as common people are not capable of;—not hard to think but that she being now removed by death, a commensurable grief took as full a possession of him as joy had done; and so indeed it did; for now his very soul was elemented of nothing but sadness; now grief took so full a possession of his heart, as to leave no place for joy: If it did, it was a joy to be alone, where, like a pelican in the wilderness, he might bemoan himself without witness or restraint, and pour forth his passions like Job in the days of his affliction: “Oh that I might have the desire of my heart! Oh that God would grant the thing that I long for!” For then, as the grave is become her house, so I would hasten to make it mine also; that we two might there make our beds together in the dark. Thus, as the Israelites sat mourning by the rivers of Babylon, when they remembered Sion; so he gave some ease to his oppressed heart by thus venting his sorrows: thus he began the day, and ended the night; ended the restless night and began the weary day in lamentations. And thus he continued, till a consideration of his new engagements to God, and St Paul's “Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel” dispersed those sad

clouds that had then benighted his hopes, and now forced him to behold the light.

His first motion from his house, was to preach where his beloved wife lay buried—in St Clement's Church, near Temple Bar, London—and his text was a part of the Prophet Jeremy's Lamentation: "Lo, I am the Man that hath seen affliction."

And indeed his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man; and they, with the addition of his sighs and tears, expressed in his Sermon, did so work upon the affections of his hearers, as melted and moulded them into a companionable sadness; and so they left the congregation; but then their houses presented them with objects of diversion: and his presented him with nothing but fresh objects of sorrow, in beholding many helpless children, a narrow fortune, and a consideration of the many cares and casualties that attend their education.

In this time of sadness he was importuned by the grave Benchers of Lincoln's Inn—who were once the companions and friends of his youth—to accept of their Lecture, which, by reason of Dr Gataker's removal from thence, was then void; of which he accepted, being most glad to renew his intermitted friendship with those whom he so much loved, and where he had been a Saul—though not to persecute Christianity, or to deride it, yet in his irregular youth to neglect the visible practice of it—there to become a Paul, and preach salvation to his beloved brethren.

And now his life was a shining light among his old friends; now he gave an ocular testimony of the strictness and regularity of it; now he might say, as St Paul adviseth his Corinthians, "Be ye followers of me, as I follow Christ, and walk as ye have me for an example"; not the example of a busy-body, but of a contemplative, a harmless, an humble and an holy life and conversation.

The love of that noble Society was expressed to him many ways; for, besides fair lodgings that were set apart and newly furnished for him with all necessities, other courtesies were also daily added; indeed so many,

and so freely, as if they meant their gratitude should exceed his merits: and in this love-strife of desert and liberality, they continued for the space of two years, he preaching faithfully and constantly to them, and they liberally requiting him. About which time the Emperor of Germany died, and the Palsgrave, who had lately married the Lady Elizabeth, the King's only daughter, was elected and crowned King of Bohemia, the unhappy beginning of many miseries in that nation.

King James, whose motto—*Beati pacifici*—did truly speak the very thoughts of his heart, endeavoured first to prevent, and after to compose, the discords of that discomposed State: and, amongst other his endeavours, did then send the Lord Hay, Earl of Doncaster, his Ambassador to those unsettled Princes; and, by a special command from his Majesty, Dr Donne was appointed to assist and attend that employment to the Princes of the Union; for which the Earl was most glad, who had always put a great value on him, and taken a great pleasure in his conversation and discourse: and his friends at Lincoln's Inn were as glad; for they feared that his immoderate study, and sadness for his wife's death, would, as Jacob said, "make his days few," and, respecting his bodily health, "evil" too: and of this there were many visible signs.

At his going, he left his friends of Lincoln's Inn, and they him, with many reluctations: for, though he could not say as St Paul to his Ephesians, "Behold, you, to whom I have preached the Kingdom of God, shall from henceforth see my face no more"; yet he, believing himself to be in a consumption, questioned, and they feared it: all concluding that his troubled mind, with the help of his unintermitted studies, hastened the decays of his weak body. But God, who is the God of all wisdom and goodness, turned it to the best; for this employment—to say nothing of the event of it—did not only divert him from those too serious studies and sad thoughts, but seemed to give him a new life, by a true occasion of joy, to be an eye-witness of the health of his most dear

and most honoured mistress, the Queen of Bohemia, in a foreign nation; and to be a witness of that gladness which she expressed to see him: who, having formerly known him a courtier, was much joyed to see him in a canonical habit, and more glad to be an ear-witness of his excellent and powerful preaching.

About fourteen months after his departure out of England, he returned to his friends of Lincoln's Inn, with his sorrows moderated, and his health improved; and there betook himself to his constant course of preaching.

About a year after his return out of Germany, Dr Carey was made Bishop of Exeter, and by his removal the Deanery of St Paul's being vacant, the King sent to Dr Donne, and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his Majesty was sat down, before he had eat any meat, he said after his pleasant manner, "Dr Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and, though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; for, knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of St Paul's; and, when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you."

Immediately after he came to his Deanery, he employed workmen to repair and beautify the Chapel; suffering as holy David once vowed, "his eyes and temples to take no rest, till he had first beautified the house of God."

The next quarter following, when his father-in-law, Sir George More—whom time had made a lover and admirer of him—came to pay to him the conditioned sum of twenty pounds, he refused to receive it; and said—as good Jacob did, when he heard his beloved son Joseph was alive, "'It is enough'; You have been kind to me and mine: I know your present condition is such as not to abound, and I hope mine is, or will be such as not to need it: I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract"; and in testimony of it freely gave him up his bond.

Immediately after his admission into his Deanery, the Vicarage of St Dunstan in the West, London, fell to him by the death of Dr White, the advowson of it having been given to him long before by his honourable friend Richard Earl of Dorset, then the patron, and confirmed by his brother the late deceased Edward, both of them men of much honour.

By these, and another ecclesiastical endowment which fell to him about the same time, given to him formerly by the Earl of Kent, he was enabled to become charitable to the poor, and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children, that they were not left scandalous, as relating to their or his profession and quality.

The next Parliament, which was within that present year, he was chosen Prolocutor to the Convocation, and about that time was appointed by his Majesty, his most gracious master, to preach very many occasional Sermons, as at St Paul's Cross, and other places. All which employments he performed to the admiration of the representative body of the whole Clergy of this nation.

He was once, and but once, clouded with the King's displeasure, and it was about this time; which was occasioned by some malicious whisperer, who had told his Majesty that Dr Donne had put on the general humour of the pulpits, and was become busy in insinuating a fear of the King's inclining to Popery, and a dislike of his government; and particularly for the King's then turning the evening Lectures into Catechising, and expounding the Prayer of our Lord, and of the Belief, and Commandments. His Majesty was the more inclinable to believe this, for that a person of Nobility and great note, betwixt whom and Dr Donne there had been a great friendship, was at this very time discarded the Court—I shall forbear his name, unless I had a fairer occasion—and justly committed to prison; which begot many rumours in the common people, who in this nation think they are not wise, unless they be busy

about what they understand not, and especially about religion.

The King received this news with so much discontent and restlessness, that he would not suffer the sun to set and leave him under this doubt; but sent for Dr Donne, and required his answer to the accusation; which was so clear and satisfactory, that the King said, "he was right glad he rested no longer under the suspicion." When the King had said this, Doctor Donne kneeled down and thanked his Majesty, and protested his answer was faithful, and free from all collusion, and therefore, "desired that he might not rise, till, as in like cases he always had from God, so he might have from his Majesty, some assurance that he stood clear and fair in his opinion." At which the King raised him from his knees with his own hands, and "protested he believed him; and that he knew he was an honest man, and doubted not but that he loved him truly." And, having thus dismissed him, he called some Lords of his Council into his chamber, and said with much earnestness, "My Doctor is an honest man; and, my Lords, I was never better satisfied with an answer than he hath now made me; and I always rejoice when I think that by my means he became a Divine."

He was made Dean in the fiftieth year of his age; and in his fifty-fourth year, a dangerous sickness seized him, which inclined him to a consumption: but God, as Job thankfully acknowledged, preserved his spirit, and kept his intellectuals as clear and perfect, as when that sickness first seized his body; but it continued long, and threatened him with death, which he dreaded not.

In this distemper of body, his dear friend, Dr Henry King—then chief Residentiary of that church, and late Bishop of Chichester—a man generally known by the Clergy of this nation, and as generally noted for his obliging nature, visited him daily; and observing that his sickness rendered his recovery doubtful, he chose a seasonable time to speak to him to this purpose.

"Mr Dean, I am, by your favour, no stranger to your

temporal estate, and you are no stranger to the offer lately made us, for the renewing a lease of the best Prebend's corps belonging to our church; and you know 'twas denied, for that our tenant being very rich, offered to fine at so low a rate as held not proportion with his advantages: but I will either raise him to an higher sum, or procure that the other Residentiaries shall join to accept of what was offered; one of these, I can and will by your favour do without delay, and without any trouble either to your body or mind: I beseech you to accept of my offer, for I know it will be a considerable addition to your present estate, which I know needs it."

To this, after a short pause, and raising himself upon his bed, he made this reply:

"My most dear friend, I most humbly thank you for your many favours, and this in particular; but in my present condition I shall not accept of your proposal; for doubtless there is such a sin as sacrilege; if there were not, it could not have a name in scripture: and the primitive clergy were watchful against all appearances of that evil; and indeed then all Christians looked upon it with horror and detestation, judging it to be even an open defiance of the power and providence of Almighty God, and a sad presage of a declining religion. But instead of such Christians, who had selected times set apart to fast and pray to God, for a pious clergy, which they then did obey, our times abound with men that are busy and litigious about trifles and church-ceremonies, and yet so far from scrupling sacrilege, that they make not so much as a *quære* what it is: but I thank God I have; and dare not now upon my sick bed, when Almighty God hath made me useless to the service of the church, make any advantages out of it. But if he shall again restore me to such a degree of health, as again to serve at his altar, I shall then gladly take the reward which the bountiful benefactors of this church have designed me; for God knows my children and relations will need it. In which number, my mother—whose credulity and charity has contracted a very plentiful to a very narrow

estate—must not be forgotten. But Dr King, if I recover not, that little worldly estate that I shall leave behind me—that very little, when divided into eight parts—must, if you deny me not so charitable a favour, fall into your hands, as my most faithful friend and executor; of whose care and justice I make no more doubt than of God's blessing, on that which I have conscientiously collected for them; but it shall not be augmented on my sick-bed; and this I declare to be my unalterable resolution."

The reply to this was only a promise to observe his request.

Within a few days his distempers abated; and as his strength increased, so did his thankfulness to Almighty God, testified in his most excellent Book of *Devotions*, which he published at his recovery; in which the reader may see the most secret thoughts that then possessed his soul, paraphrased and made public: a book, that may not unfitly be called a Sacred Picture of Spiritual Ecstasies, occasioned and applicable to the emergencies of that sickness; which book, being a composition of Meditations, Disquisitions, and Prayers, he writ on his sick-bed; herein imitating the holy Patriarchs, who were wont to build their altars in that place where they had received their blessings.

This sickness brought him so near to the gates of death, and he saw the grave so ready to devour him, that he would often say, his recovery was supernatural: but that God that then restored his health, continued it to him till the fifty-ninth year of his life: and then, in August 1630, being with his eldest daughter, Mrs Harvey, at Abury Hatch, in Essex, he there fell into a fever, which, with the help of his constant infirmity—vapours from the spleen—hastened him into so visible a consumption, that his beholders might say, as St Paul of himself, "He dies daily"; and he might say with Job, "My welfare passeth away as a cloud, the days of my affliction have taken hold of me, and weary nights are appointed for me."

Reader, this sickness continued long, not only weakening, but wearying him so much, that my desire is, he may now take some rest; and that before I speak of his death, thou wilt not think it an impertinent digression to look back with me upon some observations of his life, which, whilst a gentle slumber gives rest to his spirits, may, I hope, not unfitly exercise thy consideration.

His marriage was the remarkable error of his life; an error, which, though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain paradoxes, yet he was very far from justifying it: and though his wife's competent years, and other reasons, might be justly urged to moderate severe censures, yet he would occasionally condemn himself for it: and doubtless it had been attended with an heavy repentance, if God had not blessed them with so mutual and cordial affections, as in the midst of their sufferings made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly, than the banquets of dull and low-spirited people.

The recreations of his youth were poetry, in which he was so happy, as if nature and all her varieties had been made only to exercise his sharp wit and high fancy; and in those pieces which were facetiously composed and carelessly scattered—most of them being written before the twentieth year of his age—it may appear by his choice metaphors, that both nature and all the arts joined to assist him with their utmost skill.

It is a truth, that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces that had been loosely—God knows, too loosely—scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals: but, though he was no friend to them, he was not so fallen out with heavenly poetry, as to forsake that; no, not in his declining age; witnessed then by many divine Sonnets, and other high, holy, and harmonious composures. Yea, even on his former sick-bed he wrote this heavenly Hymn, expressing the great joy that then possessed his soul, in the assurance of God's favour to him when he composed it:

AN HYMN
TO GOD THE FATHER

*Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.*

*Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two;—but wallow'd in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.*

*I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thy self, that at my death thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And having done that, thou hast done,
I fear no more.*

I have the rather mentioned this Hymn, for that he caused it to be set to a most grave and solemn tune, and to be often sung to the organ by the Choristers of St Paul's Church, in his own hearing; especially at the Evening Service; and at his return from his customary devotions in that place, did occasionally say to a friend, "The words of this Hymn have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possessed my soul in my sickness, when I composed it. And, O the power of church-music! that harmony added to this Hymn has raised the affections of my heart, and quickened my graces of zeal and gratitude; and I observe that I always return from paying this public duty of prayer and praise to God, with an unexpressible tranquillity of mind, and a willingness to leave the world."

After this manner did the Disciples of our Saviour, and the best of Christians in those ages of the Church nearest to his time, offer their praises to Almighty God. And the reader of St Augustine's life may there find, that towards his dissolution he wept abundantly, that the enemies of Christianity had broke in upon them, and profaned and ruined their Sanctuaries; and because their Public Hymns and Lauds were lost out of their Churches. And after this manner have many devout souls lifted up their hands and offered acceptable sacrifices unto Almighty God, where Dr Donne offered his, and now lies buried.

But now, Oh Lord! how is that place become desolate!¹

Before I proceed further, I think fit to inform the Reader, that not long before his death he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an Anchor, like those which painters draw, when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the Cross: his varying no otherwise, than to affix him not to a Cross, but to an Anchor—the emblem of Hope;—this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of those figures thus drawn to be engraven very small in Heliotropium stones, and set in gold; and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends, to be used as seals, or rings, and kept as memorials of him, and of his affection to them.

His dear friends and benefactors, Sir Henry Goodier, and Sir Robert Drewry, could not be of that number; nor could the Lady Magdalen Herbert, the mother of George Herbert, for they had put off mortality, and taken possession of the grave before him: but Sir Henry Wotton, and Dr Hall, the then late deceased Bishop of Norwich, were; and so were Dr Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr Henry King, Bishop of Chichester—lately deceased—men, in whom there was such a commixture of general Learning, of natural Eloquence, and Christian Humility, that they deserve a commemoration by a pen equal to their own, which none have exceeded.

¹ 1656.

And in this enumeration of his friends, though many must be omitted, yet that man of primitive piety, Mr George Herbert, may not; I mean that George Herbert, who was the author of *The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Ejaculations*. A book, in which by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts; a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that Spirit that seemed to inspire the Author, the Reader may attain habits of Peace and Piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and Heaven: and may, by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart, as shall free it from the anxieties of this world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt this George Herbert and Dr Donne, there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments; of which that which followeth may be some testimony.

TO MR GEORGE HERBERT

SENT HIM WITH ONE OF MY SEALS OF THE
ANCHOR AND CHRIST

*(A Sheaf of Snakes used heretofore to be my Seal,
which is the Crest of our poor family)*

Qui prius assuetus serpentum falce tabellas
Signare, hæc nostræ symbola parva domus,
Adscitus domui Domini——

*Adopted in God's family, and so
My old coat lost, into new Arms I go.
The Cross, my Seal in Baptism, spread below,
Does by that form into an Anchor grow.
Crosses grow Anchors, bear as thou shouldst do
Thy Cross, and that Cross grows an Anchor too.*

*But he that makes our Crosses Anchors thus,
 Is Christ, who there is crucified for us.
 Yet with this I may my first Serpents hold;
 (God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old)
 The Serpent may, as wise, my pattern be;
 My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.
 And, as he rounds the earth to murder, sure
 He is my death; but on the Cross, my cure.
 Crucify nature then; and then implore
 All grace from him, crucified there before.
 When all is Cross, and that Cross Anchor grown
 This Seal's a Catechism, not a Seal alone.
 Under that little Seal great gifts I send,
 Both works and pray'rs, pawns and fruits of a friend.
 O! may that Saint that rides on our Great Seal,
 To you that bear his name, large bounty deal.*

JOHN DONNE.

IN SACRAM ANCHORAM PISCATORIS

GEORGE HERBERT

*Quod Crux nequibat fixa clavique additi,
 Tenere Christum scilicet ne ascenderet,
 Tuive Christum——*

*Although the Cross could not here Christ detain,
 When nail'd unto't, but he ascends again;
 Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still,
 But only whilst thou speak'st—this Anchor will:
 Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
 This certain Anchor add a Seal; and so
 The water and the earth both unto thee
 Do owe the symbol of their certainty.
 Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure,
 This holy cable's from all storms secure.*

GEORGE HERBERT.

I return to tell the reader, that, besides these verses to his dear Mr Herbert, and that Hymn that I mentioned to be sung in the choir of St Paul's Church, he did also

shorten and beguile many sad hours by composing other sacred ditties; and he writ an Hymn on his death-bed, which bears this title:

AN HYMN TO GOD,
MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS

March 23, 1630

*Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where, with thy Quire of Saints, for evermore
I shall be made thy music, as I come
I tune my instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.*

*Since my Physicians by their loves are grown
Cosmographers; and I their map, who lye
Flat on this bed....*

*So, in his purple wrapt, receive me, Lord!
By these his thorns, give me his other Crown:
And, as to other souls I preach'd thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own,
"That he may raise; therefore the Lord throws down."*

If these fall under the censure of a soul, whose too much mixture with earth makes it unfit to judge of these high raptures and illuminations, let him know, that many holy and devout men have thought the soul of Prudentius to be most refined, when, not many days before his death, "he charged it to present his God each morning and evening with a new and spiritual song"; justified by the example of King David and the good King Hezekiah, who, upon the renovation of his years paid his thankful vows to Almighty God in a royal hymn, which he concludes in these words; "The Lord was ready to save; therefore I will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of my life in the Temple of my God."

The latter part of his life may be said to be a continued

study; for as he usually preached once a week, if not oftener, so after his Sermon he never gave his eyes rest, till he had chosen out a new Text, and that night cast his Sermon into a form, and his Text into divisions; and the next day betook himself to consult the Fathers, and so commit his meditations to his memory, which was excellent. But upon Saturday he usually gave himself and his mind a rest from the weary burthen of his week's meditations, and usually spent that day in visitation of friends, or some other diversions of his thoughts; and would say, "that he gave both his body and mind that refreshment, that he might be enabled to do the work of the day following, not faintly, but with courage and cheerfulness."

Nor was his age only so industrious, but in the most unsettled days of his youth, his bed was not able to detain him beyond the hour of four in a morning; and it was no common business that drew him out of his chamber till past ten; all which time was employed in study; though he took great liberty after it. And if this seem strange, it may gain a belief by the visible fruits of his labours; some of which remain as testimonies of what is here written: for he left the resultance of 1400 Authors, most of them abridged and analysed with his own hand: he left also six score of his Sermons, all written with his own hand, also an exact and laborious Treatise concerning self-murder, called *Biathanatos*; wherein all the Laws violated by that act are diligently surveyed, and judiciously censured: a Treatise written in his younger days, which alone might declare him then not only perfect in the Civil and Canon Law, but in many other such studies and arguments, as enter not into the consideration of many that labour to be thought great clerks, and pretend to know all things.

Nor were these only found in his study, but all businesses that passed of any public consequence, either in this or any of our neighbour-nations, he abbreviated either in Latin, or in the language of that nation, and kept them by him for useful memorials. So he did the

copies of divers Letters and Cases of Conscience that had concerned his friends, with his observations and solutions of them; and divers other businesses of importance, all particularly and methodically digested by himself.

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him; making his Will when no faculty of his soul was damped or made defective by pain or sickness, or he surprised by a sudden apprehension of death: but it was made with mature deliberation, expressing himself an impartial father, by making his children's portions equal; and a lover of his friends, whom he remembered with legacies fitly and discreetly chosen and bequeathed. I cannot forbear a nomination of some of them; for methinks they be persons that seem to challenge a recordation in this place; as namely, to his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Grimes, he gave that striking clock, which he had long worn in his pocket; to his dear friend and executor, Dr King—late Bishop of Chichester—that model of gold of the Synod of Dort, with which the States presented him at his last being at the Hague; and the two pictures of Padre Paulo and Fulgentio, men of his acquaintance when he travelled Italy, and of great note in that nation for their remarkable learning.—To his ancient friend Dr Brook—that married him—Master of Trinity College in Cambridge, he gave the picture of the Blessed Virgin and Joseph.—To Dr Winniff who succeeded him in the Deanery he gave a picture called the Skeleton.—To the succeeding Dean, who was not then known, he gave many necessaries of worth, and useful for his house; and also several pictures and ornaments for the Chapel, with a desire that they might be registered, and remain as a legacy to his successors.—To the Earls of Dorset and Carlisle he gave several pictures; and so he did to many other friends; legacies, given rather to express his affection, than to make any addition to their estates: but unto the poor he was full of charity, and unto many others, who, by his constant and long continued bounty, might entitle themselves to be his alms-people: for all

these he made provision, and so largely, as, having then six children living, might to some appear more than proportionable to his estate. I forbear to mention any more, lest the Reader may think I trespass upon his patience: but I will beg his favour, to present him with the beginning and end of his Will.

“In the name of the blessed and glorious Trinity, Amen. I John Donne, by the mercy of Christ Jesus, and by the calling of the Church of England, Priest, being at this time in good health and perfect understanding—praised be God therefore—do hereby make my last Will and Testament in manner and form following:

“First, I give my gracious God an entire sacrifice of body and soul, with my most humble thanks for that assurance which his blessed Spirit imprints in me now of the Salvation of the one, and the Resurrection of the other; and for that constant and cheerful resolution, which the same spirit hath established in me, to live and die in the Religion now professed in the Church of England. In expectation of that Resurrection, I desire my body may be buried—in the most private manner that may be—in that place of St Paul’s Church, London, that the now Residentiaries have at my request designed for that purpose, &c.—And this my last Will and Testament, made in the fear of God—whose mercy I humbly beg, and constantly rely upon in Jesus Christ—and in perfect love and charity with all the world—whose pardon I ask, from the lowest of my servants, to the highest of my superiors—written all with my own hand, and my name subscribed to every page, of which there are five in number.

“Sealed December 13, 1630.”

Nor was this blessed sacrifice of Charity expressed only at his death, but in his life also, by a cheerful and frequent visitation of any friend whose mind was dejected, or his fortune necessitous; he was inquisitive after the wants of prisoners, and redeemed many from thence, that lay for their fees or small debts: he was a continual giver to poor scholars, both of this and foreign

nations. Besides what he gave with his own hand, he usually sent a servant, or a discreet and trusty friend, to distribute his charity to all the Prisons in London, at all the festival times of the year, especially at the Birth and Resurrection of our Saviour. He gave an hundred pounds at one time to an old friend, whom he had known live plentifully, and by a too liberal heart and carelessness became decayed in his estate; and when the receiving of it was denied, by the gentleman's saying, "He wanted not";—for the reader may note, that as there be some spirits so generous as to labour to conceal and endure a sad poverty, rather than expose themselves to those blushes that attend the confession of it; so there be others, to whom Nature and Grace have afforded such sweet and compassionate souls, as to pity and prevent the distresses of mankind;—which I have mentioned because of Dr Donne's reply, whose answer was; "I know you want not what will sustain nature; for a little will do that; but my desire is, that you, who in the days of your plenty have cheered and raised the hearts of so many of your dejected friends, would now receive this from me, and use it as a cordial for the cheering of your own": and upon these terms it was received. He was an happy reconciler of many differences in the families of his friends and kindred—which he never undertook faintly; for such undertakings have usually faint effects—and they had such a faith in his judgment and impartiality, that he never advised them to any thing in vain. He was, even to her death, a most dutiful son to his mother, careful to provide for her supportation, of which she had been destitute, but that God raised him up to prevent her necessities; who having sucked in the religion of the Roman Church with her mother's milk, spent her estate in foreign countries, to enjoy a liberty in it, and died in his house but three months before him.

And to the end it may appear how just a steward he was of his Lord and Master's revenue, I have thought fit to let the reader know, that after his entrance into his Deanery, as he numbered his years, he, at the foot

of a private account, to which God and his Angels were only witnesses with him—computed first his revenue, then what was given to the poor, and other pious uses; and lastly, what rested for him and his; and having done that, he then blessed each year's poor remainder with a thankful prayer; which, for that they discover a more than common devotion, the Reader shall partake some of them in his own words:

So all is that remains this year—[1624–5]

*Deo Opt. Max. benigno largitori, à me, et ab iis quibus hæc à me reservantur, Gloria et gratia in æternum. Amen*¹.

So that this year, [1626] God hath blessed me and mine with:

*Multiplicatæ sunt super nos misericordiæ tuæ, Domine*².

*Da, Domine, ut quæ ex immensâ bonitate tuâ nobis elargiri dignatus sis, in quorumcunque manus devenerint, in tuam semper cedant gloriam. Amen*³.

In fine horum sex annorum manet:—[1628–9]

*Quid habeo quod non accepi à Domino? Largitur etiam ut quæ largitus est sua iterum fiant, bono eorum usu; ut quemadmodum nec officiis hujus mundi, nec loci in quo me posuit dignitati, nec servis, nec egenis, in toto hujus anni curriculo mihi conscius sum me defuisse; ita et liberi, quibus quæ supersunt, supersunt, grato animo ea accipiant, et beneficium authorem recognoscant. Amen*⁴.

¹ To God all Good, all Great, the benevolent Bestower, by me and by them, for whom, by me, these sums are laid up, be glory and grace ascribed for ever. Amen.

² Thy mercies, Oh Lord! are multiplied upon us.

³ Grant, Oh Lord! that what out of thine infinite bounty Thou hast vouchsafed to lavish upon us, into whosoever hands it may devolve, may always be improved to thy glory. Amen.

⁴ At the end of these six years remains:

What have I, which I have not received from the Lord? He bestows, also, to the intent that what he hath bestowed may revert to Him by the proper use of it: that, as I have not consciously been wanting to myself during the whole course of the

But I return from my long digression.

We left the Author sick in Essex, where he was forced to spend much of that Winter, by reason of his disability to remove from that place; and having never, for almost twenty years, omitted his personal attendance on his Majesty in that month, in which he was to attend and preach to him; nor having ever been left out of the roll and number of Lent Preachers, and there being then—in January, 1630—a report brought to London, or raised there, that Dr Donne was dead; that report gave him occasion to write the following letter to a dear friend:

“Sir,

‘This advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent fevers, that I am so much the oftener at the gates of Heaven; and this advantage by the solitude and close imprisonment that they reduce me to after, that I am so much the oftener at my prayers, in which I shall never leave out your happiness; and I doubt not, among his other blessings, God will add some one to you for my prayers. A man would almost be content to die—if there were no other benefit in death—to hear of so much sorrow, and so much good testimony from good men, as I—God be blessed for it—did upon the report of my death: yet I perceive it went not through all; for one writ to me, that some—and he said of my friends—conceived I was not so ill as I pretended, but withdrew myself to live at ease, discharged of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and, God knows, an ill-grounded interpretation; for I have always been sorrier when I could not preach, than any could be they could not hear me. It hath been my desire, and God may be pleased to grant it, that I might die in the pulpit; if not that, yet

past year, either in discharging my secular duties, in retaining the dignity of my station, or in my conduct towards my servants and the poor—so my children for whom remains whatever is remaining, may receive it with gratitude, and acknowledge the beneficent Giver. Amen.

that I might take my death in the pulpit; that is, die the sooner by occasion of those labours. Sir, I hope to see you presently after Candlemas; about which time will fall my Lent Sermon at Court, except my Lord Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and so leave me out of the roll: but as long as I live, and am not speechless, I would not willingly decline that service. I have better leisure to write, than you to read; yet I would not willingly oppress you with too much letter. God so bless you and your son, as I wish to

*Your poor friend, and Servant
in Christ Jesus,*

J. DONNE."

Before that month ended, he was appointed to preach upon his old constant day, the first Friday in Lent: he had notice of it, and had in his sickness so prepared for that employment, that as he had long thirsted for it, so he resolved his weakness should not hinder his journey; he came therefore to London some few days before his appointed day of preaching. At his coming thither, many of his friends—who with sorrow saw his sickness had left him but so much flesh as did only cover his bones—doubted his strength to perform that task, and did therefore dissuade him from undertaking it, assuring him however, it was like to shorten his life: but he passionately denied their requests, saying “he would not doubt that that God, who in so many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength, would now withdraw it in his last employment; professing an holy ambition to perform that sacred work.” And when, to the amazement of some beholders, he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body, and a dying face. And doubtless many did secretly ask that question in Ezekiel¹. “Do these bones live? or, can that soul organize that tongue, to speak so long time as the sand in that glass will move towards its centre, and measure out an hour of this

¹ Chap. xxxvii. 3.

dying man's unspent life? Doubtless it cannot." And yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying; the Text being, "To God the Lord belong the issues from death." Many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the Text prophetically chosen, and that Dr Donne had preached his own Funeral Sermon.

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house; out of which he never moved, till, like St Stephen, "he was carried by devout men to his grave."

The next day after his Sermon, his strength being much wasted, and his spirits so spent as indisposed him to business or to talk, a friend that had often been a witness of his free and facetious discourse asked him, "Why are you sad?" To whom he replied, with a countenance so full of cheerful gravity, as gave testimony of an inward tranquillity of mind, and of a soul willing to take a farewell of this world; and said—

"I am not sad; but most of the night past I have entertained myself with many thoughts of several friends that have left me here, and are gone to that place from which they shall not return; and that within a few days I also shall go hence, and be no more seen. And my preparation for this change is become my nightly meditation upon my bed, which my infirmities have now made restless to me. But at this present time, I was in a serious contemplation of the providence and goodness of God to me; to me, who am less than the least of his mercies: and looking back upon my life past, I now plainly see it was his hand that prevented me from all temporal employment; and that it was his will I should never settle nor thrive till I entered into the Ministry; in which I have now lived almost twenty years—I hope to his glory—and by which, I most humbly thank him, I have been enabled to requite most of those friends which shewed me kindness when my fortune was very low, as

God knows it was: and—as it hath occasioned the expression of my gratitude—I thank God most of them have stood in need of my requital. I have lived to be useful and comfortable to my good Father-in-law, Sir George More, whose patience God hath been pleased to exercise with many temporal crosses; I have maintained my own Mother, whom it hath pleased God, after a plentiful fortune in her younger days, to bring to great decay in her very old age. I have quieted the consciences of many, that have groaned under the burthen of a wounded spirit, whose prayers I hope are available for me. I cannot plead innocency of life, especially of my youth; but I am to be judged by a merciful God, who is not willing to see what I have done amiss. And though of myself I have nothing to present to him but sins and misery, yet I know he looks not upon me now as I am of myself, but as I am in my Saviour, and hath given me, even at this present time, some testimonies by his Holy Spirit, that I am of the number of his Elect: I am therefore full of inexpressible joy, and shall die in peace.”

I must here look so far back, as to tell the Reader that at his first return out of Essex, to preach his last Sermon, his old friend and Physician, Dr Fox—a man of great worth—came to him to consult his health; and that after a sight of him, and some queries concerning his distempers, he told him, “That by cordials, and drinking milk twenty days together, there was a probability of his restoration to health”; but he passionately denied to drink it. Nevertheless, Dr Fox, who loved him most entirely, wearied him with solicitations, till he yielded to take it for ten days; at the end of which time he told Dr Fox, “He had drunk it more to satisfy him, than to recover his health; and that he would not drink it ten days longer, upon the best moral assurance of having twenty years added to his life; for he loved it not; and was so far from fearing Death, which to others is the King of Terrors, that he longed for the day of his dissolution.”

It is observed, that a desire of glory or commendation is rooted in the very nature of man; and that those of the severest and most mortified lives, though they may become so humble as to banish self-flattery, and such weeds as naturally grow there; yet they have not been able to kill this desire of glory, but that like our radical heat, it will both live and die with us; and many think it should do so; and we want not sacred examples to justify the desire of having our memory to outlive our lives; which I mention, because Dr Donne, by the persuasion of Dr Fox, easily yielded at this very time to have a monument made for him; but Dr Fox undertook not to persuade him how, or what monument it should be; that was left to Dr Donne himself.

A monument being resolved upon, Dr Donne sent for a Carver to make for him in wood the figure of an Urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it; and to bring with it a board, of the just height of his body. "These being got, then without delay a choice Painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth.—Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrowded and put into their coffin, or grave. Upon this Urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might shew his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the East, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus." In this posture he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor Dr Henry King, then chief Residentiary of St Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that Church; and by

Dr Donne's own appointment, these words were to be affixed to it as an epitaph:

JOHANNES DONNE,

SAC. THEOL. PROFESS.

POST VARIA STUDIA, QUIBUS AB ANNIS
TENERRIMIS FIDELITER, NEC INFELICITER.

INCUBUIT;

INSTINCTU ET IMPULSU SP. SANCTI, MONITU
ET HORTATU

REGIS JACOBI, ORDINES SACROS AMPLEXUS,
ANNO SUI JESU, MDCXIV. ET SUÆ ÆTATIS XLII.

DECANATU HUIUS ECCLESIAE INDUTUS,

XXVII. NOVEMBRIS, MDCXXI.

EXUTUS MORTE ULTIMO DIE MARTII, MDCXXXI.

HIC LICET IN OCCIDUO CINERE, ASPICIT EUM

CUJUS NOMEN EST ORIENS.

And now, having brought him through the many labyrinths and perplexities of a various life, even to the gates of death and the grave; my desire is, he may rest, till I have told my Reader that I have seen many pictures of him, in several habits, and at several ages, and in several postures: and I now mention this, because I have seen one picture of him, drawn by a curious hand, at his age of eighteen, with his sword, and what other adornments might then suit with the present fashions of youth and the giddy gaieties of that age; and his Motto then was—

How much shall I be changed,

Before I am changed!

And if that young, and his now dying picture were at this time set together, every beholder might say, Lord! how much is Dr Donne already changed, before he is changed! And the view of them might give my Reader occasion to ask himself with some amazement, "Lord! how much may I also, that am now in health, be changed before I am changed; before this vile, this changeable body shall put off mortality!" and therefore to prepare for it.—But this is not writ so much for my Reader's

memento, as to tell him, that Dr Donne would often in his private discourses, and often publicly in his Sermons, mention the many changes both of his body and mind; especially of his mind from a vertiginous giddiness; and would as often say, "His great and most blessed change was from a temporal to a spiritual employment"; in which he was so happy, that he accounted the former part of his life to be lost; and the beginning of it to be, from his first entering into Sacred Orders, and serving his most merciful God at his altar.

Upon Monday, after the drawing this picture, he took his last leave of his beloved study; and, being sensible of his hourly decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber; and that week sent at several times for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives; and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction. The Sunday following, he appointed his servants, that if there were any business yet undone, that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against Saturday next; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with any thing that concerned this world; nor ever did; but, as Job, so he "waited for the appointed day of his dissolution."

And now he was so happy as to have nothing to do but to die, to do which, he stood in need of no longer time; for he had studied it long, and to so happy a perfection, that in a former sickness he called God to witness¹ "He was that minute ready to deliver his soul into his hands, if that minute God would determine his dissolution." In that sickness he begged of God the constancy to be preserved in that estate for ever; and his patient expectation to have his immortal soul disrobed from her garment of mortality, makes me confident, that he now had a modest assurance that his prayers were then heard, and his petition granted. He lay fifteen days earnestly expecting his hourly change; and in the last

¹ In his Book of Devotions written then.

hour of his last day, as his body melted away, and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatifical vision, he said, "I were miserable if I might not die"; and after those words, closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him, not to serve another master—for who speaks like him—but died before him; for that it was then become useless to him, that now conversed with God on Earth, as Angels are said to do in Heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being speechless, and seeing Heaven by that illumination by which he saw it, he did, as St Stephen, "look stedfastly into it, till he saw the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God his Father"; and being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes, and then disposed his hands and body into such a posture, as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.

Thus variable, thus virtuous was the life: thus excellent, thus exemplary was the death of this memorable man.

He was buried in that place of St Paul's Church, which he had appointed for that use some years before his death; and by which he passed daily to pay his public devotions to Almighty God—who was then served twice a day by a public form of prayer and praises in that place:—but he was not buried privately, though he desired it; for, beside an unnumbered number of others, many persons of Nobility, and of eminence for Learning, who did love and honour him in his life, did shew it at his death, by a voluntary and sad attendance of his body to the grave, where nothing was so remarkable as a public sorrow.

To which place of his burial some mournful friends repaired, and, as Alexander the Great did to the grave of the famous Achilles, so they strewed his with an

abundance of curious and costly flowers; which course, they—who were never yet known—continued morning and evening for many days, not ceasing, till the stones, that were taken up in that Church, to give his body admission into the cold earth—now his bed of rest—were again by the Mason's art so levelled and firmed as they had been formerly, and his place of burial undistinguishable to common view.

The next day after his burial, some unknown friend, some one of the many lovers and admirers of his Virtue and Learning, writ this Epitaph with a coal on the wall over his grave:

*Reader! I am to let thee know,
Donne's Body only lies below;
For, could the grave his Soul comprise,
Earth would be richer than the Skies!*

Nor was this all the honour done to his reverend ashes; for, as there be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a debtor; persons that dare trust God with their charity, and without a witness; so there was by some grateful unknown friend, that thought Dr Donne's memory ought to be perpetuated, an hundred marks sent to his faithful friends¹ and Executors, towards the making of his Monument. It was not for many years known by whom; but, after the death of Dr Fox, it was known that it was he that sent it; and he lived to see as lively a representation of his dead friend, as marble can express: a statue indeed so like Dr Donne, that—as his friend Sir Henry Wotton hath expressed himself—"It seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle."

He was of stature moderately tall; of a straight and equally-proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so

¹ Dr King and Dr Montford.

contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was unimitably high, equalled only by his great wit; both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye shewed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

He did much contemplate—especially after he entered into his sacred calling—the Mercies of Almighty God, the Immortality of the Soul, and the Joys of Heaven: and would often say in a kind of sacred ecstasy—“Blessed be God that he is God, only and divinely like himself.”

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it. A great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body: that body, which once was a Temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust:

But I shall see it re-animated.

I. W.

Feb. 15, 1639.

THE LIFE
OF
MR GEORGE HERBERT

THE INTRODUCTION

*I*N a late retreat from the business of this world, and those many little cares with which I have too often cumbered myself, I fell into a contemplation of some of those historical passages that are recorded in Sacred Story: and more particularly of what had passed betwixt our blessed Saviour and that wonder of Women, and Sinners, and Mourners, Saint Mary Magdalen. I call her Saint, because I did not then, nor do now consider her, as when she was possessed with seven devils; not as when her wanton eyes and dishevelled hair, were designed and managed to charm and ensnare amorous beholders. But I did then, and do now consider her, as after she had expressed a visible and sacred sorrow for her sensualities; as after those eyes had wept such a flood of penitential tears as did wash, and that hair had wiped, and she most passionately kissed the feet of her's and our blessed Jesus. And I do now consider, that because she loved much, not only much was forgiven her: but that beside that blessed blessing of having her sins pardoned, and the joy of knowing her happy condition, she also had from him a testimony, that her alabaster box of precious ointment poured on his head and feet, and that spikenard, and those spices that were by her dedicated to embalm and preserve his sacred body from putrefaction, should so far preserve her own memory, that these demonstrations of her sanctified love, and of her officious and generous gratitude, should be recorded and mentioned wheresoever his Gospel should be read; intending thereby, that as his, so her name, should also live to succeeding generations, even till time itself shall be no more.

Upon occasion of which fair example, I did lately look back, and not without some content—at least to myself—that I have endeavoured to deserve the love, and preserve the memory, of my two deceased friends, Dr Donne, and Sir Henry Wotton, by declaring the several employments

and various accidents of their lives. And though Mr George Herbert—whose Life I now intend to write—were to me a stranger as to his person, for I have only seen him; yet since he was, and was worthy to be, their friend, and very many of his have been mine, I judge it may not be unacceptable to those that knew any of them in their lives, or do now know them by mine, or their own writings, to see this conjunction of them after their deaths; without which, many things that concerned them, and some things that concerned the age in which they lived, would be less perfect, and lost to posterity.

For these reasons I have undertaken it; and if I have prevented any abler person, I beg pardon of him and my Reader.

THE LIFE

GEORGE HERBERT was born the Third day of April, in the Year of our Redemption 1593. The place of his birth was near to the Town of Montgomery, and in that Castle that did then bear the name of that Town and County; that Castle was then a place of state and strength, and had been successively happy in the Family of the Herberts, who had long possessed it; and with it, a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours. A family, that hath been blessed with men of remarkable wisdom, and a willingness to serve their country, and, indeed, to do good to all mankind; for which they are eminent: But alas! this family did in the late rebellion suffer extremely in their estates; and the heirs of that Castle saw it laid level with that earth, that was too good to bury those wretches that were the cause of it.

The Father of our George was Richard Herbert, the son of Edward Herbert, Knight, the son of Richard Herbert, Knight, the son of the famous Sir Richard Herbert of Colebrook, in the County of Monmouth, Banneret, who was the youngest brother of that memorable William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, that lived in the reign of our King Edward the Fourth.

His Mother was Magdalen Newport, the youngest daughter of Sir Richard, and sister to Sir Francis Newport of High-Arkall, in the County of Salop, Knight, and grand-father of Francis Lord Newport, now Comptroller of his Majesty's Household. A family that for their loyalty have suffered much in their estates, and seen the ruin of that excellent structure, where their ancestors have long lived, and been memorable for their hospitality.

This Mother of George Herbert—of whose person, and wisdom, and virtue, I intend to give a true account in a seasonable place—was the happy Mother of seven

sons and three daughters, which she would often say was Job's number, and Job's distribution; and as often bless God, that they were neither defective in their shapes, or in their reason; and very often reprove them that did not praise God for so great a blessing. I shall give the Reader a short account of their names, and not say much of their fortunes.

Edward, the eldest, was first made Knight of the Bath, at that glorious time of our late Prince Henry's being installed Knight of the Garter; and after many years useful travel, and the attainment of many languages, he was by King James sent Ambassador resident to the then French King, Lewis the Thirteenth. There he continued about two years; but he could not subject himself to a compliance with the humours of the Duke de Luisnes, who was then the great and powerful favourite at Court: so that upon a complaint to our King, he was called back into England in some displeasure; but at his return he gave such an honourable account of his employment, and so justified his comportment to the Duke and all the Court, that he was suddenly sent back upon the same Embassy, from which he returned in the beginning of the reign of our good King Charles the First, who made him first Baron of Castle-Island, and not long after of Cherbury in the County of Salop. He was a man of great learning and reason, as appears by his printed book *De Veritate*, and by his *History of the reign of King Henry the Eighth*, and by several other tracts.

The second and third brothers were Richard and William, who ventured their lives to purchase honour in the wars of the Low Countries, and died officers in that employment. Charles was the fourth, and died fellow of New College in Oxford. Henry was the sixth, who became a menial servant to the Crown in the days of King James, and hath continued to be so for fifty years; during all which time he hath been Master of the Revels; a place that requires a diligent wisdom, with which God hath blessed him. The seventh son was Thomas, who,

being made captain of a ship in that fleet with which Sir Robert Mansell was sent against Algiers, did there shew a fortunate and true English valour. Of the three sisters I need not say more, than that they were all married to persons of worth, and plentiful fortunes; and lived to be examples of virtue, and to do good in their generations.

I now come to give my intended account of George, who was the fifth of those seven brothers.

George Herbert spent much of his childhood in a sweet content under the eye and care of his prudent mother, and the tuition of a chaplain, or tutor to him and two of his brothers, in her own family—for she was then a widow—where he continued till about the age of twelve years; and being at that time well instructed in the rules of Grammar, he was not long after commended to the care of Dr Neale, who was then Dean of Westminster; and by him to the care of Mr Ireland, who was then chief Master of that School; where the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined, and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of Heaven, and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him. And thus he continued in that School, till he came to be perfect in the learned languages, and especially in the Greek tongue, in which he after proved an excellent critic.

About the age of fifteen he, being then a King's Scholar, was elected out of that School for Trinity College in Cambridge, to which place he was transplanted about the year 1608; and his prudent mother, well knowing that he might easily lose or lessen that virtue and innocence, which her advice and example had planted in his mind, did therefore procure the generous and liberal Dr Nevil, who was then Dean of Canterbury, and Master of that College, to take him into his particular care, and provide him a Tutor; which he did most gladly undertake, for he knew the excellencies of his mother, and how to value such a friendship.

This was the method of his education, till he was settled in Cambridge; where we will leave him in his study, till I have paid my promised account of his excellent mother; and I will endeavour to make it short.

I have told her birth, her marriage, and the number of her children, and have given some short account of them. I shall next tell the Reader, that her husband died when our George was about the age of four years: I am next to tell, that she continued twelve years a widow; that she then married happily to a noble gentleman, the brother and heir of the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who did highly value both her person and the most excellent endowments of her mind.

In this time of her widowhood, she being desirous to give Edward, her eldest son, such advantages of learning, and other education, as might suit his birth and fortune, and thereby make him the more fit for the service of his country, did, at his being of a fit age, remove from Montgomery Castle with him, and some of her younger sons, to Oxford; and having entered Edward into Queen's College, and provided him a fit tutor, she commended him to his care; yet she continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate awe of herself, and so much under her own eye, as to see and converse with him daily: but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness, as might make her company a torment to her child; but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother; which was to her great content: for she would often say, "That as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed; so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company": and would therefore as often say, "That ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue; and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin and keep it burning." For these

reasons she endeared him to her own company, and continued with him in Oxford four years; in which time her great and harmless wit, her cheerful gravity, and her obliging behaviour, gained her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent worth or learning, that were at that time in or near that University; and particularly with Mr John Donne, who then came accidentally to that place, in this time of her being there. It was that John Donne, who was after Dr Donne, and Dean of St Paul's, London: and he, at his leaving Oxford, writ and left there, in verse, a character of the beauties of her body and mind: of the first he says,

*No Spring nor Summer-beauty has such grace,
As I have seen in an Autumnal face.*

Of the latter he says,

*In all her words to every hearer fit,
You may at revels, or at council sit.*

The rest of her character may be read in his printed poems, in that Elegy which bears the name of "The Autumnal Beauty." For both he and she were then past the meridian of man's life.

This amity, begun at this time and place, was not an amity that polluted their souls; but an amity made up of a chain of suitable inclinations and virtues; an amity like that of St Chrysostom's to his dear and virtuous Olympias; whom, in his letters, he calls his Saint: or an amity, indeed, more like that of St Hierome to his Paula; whose affection to her was such, that he turned poet in his old age, and then made her epitaph: wishing all his body were turned into tongues, that he might declare her just praises to posterity. And this amity betwixt her and Mr Donne was begun in a happy time for him, he being then near to the fortieth year of his age—which was some years before he entered into Sacred Orders;—a time when his necessities needed a daily supply for the support of his wife, seven children, and a family. And in this time she proved one of his most bountiful

benefactors; and he as grateful an acknowledger of it. You may take one testimony for what I have said of these two worthy persons, from this following letter and sonnet.

MADAM,

Your favours to me are every where: I use them, and have them. I enjoy them at London, and leave them there; and yet find them at Mitcham. Such riddles as these become things unexpressible; and such is your goodness. I was almost sorry to find your servant here this day, because I was loath to have any witness of my not coming home last night, and indeed of my coming this morning. But my not coming was excusable, because earnest business detained me; and my coming this day is by the example of your St Mary Magdalen, who rose early upon Sunday to seek that which she loved most; and so did I. And, from her and myself, I return such thanks as are due to one to whom we owe all the good opinion, that they, whom we need most, have of us. By this messenger, and on this good day, I commit the inclosed Holy Hymns and Sonnets—which for the matter, not the workmanship, have yet escaped the fire—to your judgment, and to your protection too, if you think them worthy of it; and I have appointed this inclosed Sonnet to usher them to your happy hand.

*Your unworthiest servant,
unless your accepting him to be so
have mended him,*

JO. DONNE.

Mitcham, July 11, 1607.

TO THE LADY MAGDALEN HERBERT
OF ST MARY MAGDALEN

*Her of your name, whose fair inheritance
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo,
An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew more than the Church did know,*

*The Resurrection; so much good there is
 Delivered of her, that some Fathers be
 Loth to believe one woman could do this:
 But think these Magdalens were two or three.
 Increase their number, Lady, and their fame:
 To their devotion add your innocence:
 Take so much of th' example, as of the name;
 The latter half; and in some recompense
 That they did harbour Christ himself, a guest,
 Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name address.*

J. D.

These Hymns are now lost to us; but doubtless they were such, as they two now sing in Heaven.

There might be more demonstrations of the friendship, and the many sacred endearments betwixt these two excellent persons—for I have many of their letters in my hand—and much more might be said of her great prudence and piety: but my design was not to write her's, but the life of her son; and therefore I shall only tell my Reader, that about that very day twenty years that this letter was dated, and sent her, I saw and heard this Mr John Donne—who was then Dean of St Paul's—weep, and preach her Funeral Sermon, in the Parish Church of Chelsea, near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave: and where we must now leave her, and return to her son George, whom we left in his study in Cambridge.

And in Cambridge we may find our George Herbert's behaviour to be such, that we may conclude he consecrated the first-fruits of his early age to virtue, and a serious study of learning. And that he did so, this following letter and sonnet, which were, in the first year of his going to Cambridge, sent his dear mother for a New-year's gift, may appear to be some testimony.

—"But I fear the heat of my late ague hath dried up those springs, by which scholars say the Muses use to take up their habitations. However, I need not their help to reprove the vanity of those many love-poems, that are daily writ, and consecrated to Venus; nor to bewail that

so few are writ, that look towards God and Heaven. For my own part, my meaning—dear Mother—is, in these Sonnets, to declare my resolution to be, that my poor abilities in Poetry, shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory: and I beg you to receive this as one testimony."

*My God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
 Wherewith whole shoals of Martyrs once did burn,
 Besides their other flames? Doth Poetry
 Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
 Why are not Sonnets made of thee? and lays
 Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
 Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
 As well as any she? Cannot thy Dove
 Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
 Or, since thy ways are deep, and still the same,
 Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name?
 Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
 Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
 Than that, which one day, worms may chance refuse?
 Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
 Oceans of ink; for as the Deluge did
 Cover the Earth, so doth thy Majesty;
 Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
 Poets to turn it to another use.
 Roses and lilies speak Thee; and to make
 A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuse.
 Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?
 Such poor invention burns in their low mind
 Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
 To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
 Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
 In the best face but filth; when Lord, in Thee
 The beauty lies, in the discovery.*

G. H.

This was his resolution at the sending this letter to his dear mother, about which time he was in the seventeenth year of his age; and as he grew older, so he grew in

learning, and more and more in favour both with God and man: insomuch that, in this morning of that short day of his life, he seemed to be marked out for virtue, and to become the care of Heaven; for God still kept his soul in so holy a frame, that he may, and ought to be a pattern of virtue to all posterity, and especially to his brethren of the Clergy, of which the Reader may expect a more exact account in what will follow.

, I need not declare that he was a strict student, because, that he was so, there will be many testimonies in the future part of his life. I shall therefore only tell, that he was made Bachelor of Arts in the year 1611; Major Fellow of the College, March 15th, 1615: and, that in that year he was also made Master of Arts, he being then in the 22nd year of his age; during all which time, all, or the greatest diversion from his study, was the practice of music, in which he became a great master; and of which he would say, "That it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of Heaven, before he possessed them." And it may be noted, that from his first entrance into the College, the generous Dr Nevil was a cherisher of his studies, and such a lover of his person, his behaviour, and the excellent endowments of his mind, that he took him often into his own company; by which he confirmed his native gentleness: and if during this time he expressed any error, it was, that he kept himself too much retired, and at too great a distance with all his inferiors; and his clothes seemed to prove, that he put too great a value on his parts and parentage.

This may be some account of his disposition, and of the employment of his time till he was Master of Arts, which was anno 1615, and in the year 1619 he was chosen Orator for the University. His two precedent Orators were Sir Robert Naunton, and Sir Francis Nethersole. The first was not long after made Secretary of State, and Sir Francis not very long after his being Orator, was made Secretary to the Lady Elizabeth, Queen of

Bohemia. In this place of Orator our George Herbert continued eight years; and managed it with as becoming and grave a gaiety, as any had ever before or since his time. For "he had acquired great learning, and was blessed with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit; and with a natural elegance, both in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen." Of all which there might be very many particular evidences; but I will limit myself to the mention of but three.

And the first notable occasion of shewing his fitness for this employment of Orator was manifested in a letter to King James, upon the occasion of his sending that University his book called "Basilicon Doron"; and their Orator was to acknowledge this great honour, and return their gratitude to his Majesty for such a condescension; at the close of which letter he writ,

*Quid Vaticanam Bodleianamque objicis hospes!
Unicus est nobis Bibliotheca Liber.*

This letter was writ in such excellent Latin, was so full of conceits, and all the expressions so suited to the genius of the King, that he enquired the Orator's name, and then asked William Earl of Pembroke, if he knew him? whose answer was, "That he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman; but he loved him more for his learning and virtue, than for that he was of his name and family." At which answer the King smiled, and asked the Earl leave that he might love him too, for he took him to be the jewel of that University.

The next occasion he had and took to shew his great abilities, was, with them, to shew also his great affection to that Church in which he received his baptism, and of which he professed himself a member; and the occasion was this; There was one Andrew Melvin, a Minister of the Scotch Church, and Rector of St Andrew's; who, by a long and constant converse with a discontented part of that Clergy which opposed Episcopacy, became at last to be a chief leader of that faction; and had proudly appeared to be so to King James, when he was

but King of that nation, who, the second year after his Coronation in England, convened a part of the Bishops, and other learned Divines of his Church, to attend him at Hampton-Court, in order to a friendly conference with some dissenting brethren, both of this and the Church of Scotland: of which Scotch party Andrew Melvin was one; and he being a man of learning, and inclined to satirical poetry, had scattered many malicious, bitter verses against our Liturgy, our ceremonies, and our Church-government; which were by some of that party so magnified for the wit, that they were therefore brought into Westminster School, where Mr George Herbert, then, and often after, made such answers to them, and such reflections on him and his Kirk, as might unbeguile any man that was not too deeply pre-engaged in such a quarrel.—But to return to Mr Melvin at Hampton-Court Conference; he there appeared to be a man of an unruly wit, of a strange confidence, of so furious a zeal, and of so ungoverned passions, that his insolence to the King, and others at this Conference, lost him both his Rectorship of St Andrew's and his liberty too; for his former verses, and his present reproaches there used against the Church and State, caused him to be committed prisoner to the Tower of London; where he remained very angry for three years. At which time of his commitment, he found the Lady Arabella an innocent prisoner there; and he pleased himself much in sending, the next day after his commitment, these two verses to the good lady; which I will underwrite, because they may give the Reader a taste of his others, which were like these.

Causa tibi mecum est communis, carceris, Arabella; tibi causa est, Araque sacra mihi.

I shall not trouble my Reader with an account of his enlargement from that prison, or his death; but tell him Mr Herbert's verses were thought so worthy to be preserved, that Dr Duport, the learned Dean of Peterborough, hath lately collected and caused many of them

to be printed, as an honourable memorial of his friend Mr George Herbert, and the cause he undertook.

And in order to my third and last observation of his great abilities, it will be needful to declare, that about this time King James came very often to hunt at Newmarket and Royston, and was almost as often invited to Cambridge, where his entertainment was comedies suited to his pleasant humour; and where Mr George Herbert, was to welcome him with gratulations, and the applauses of an Orator; which he always performed so well, that he still grew more into the King's favour, insomuch that he had a particular appointment to attend his Majesty at Royston; where, after a discourse with him, his Majesty declared to his kinsman, the Earl of Pembroke, that he found the Orator's learning and wisdom much above his age or wit. The year following, the King appointed to end his progress at Cambridge, and to stay there certain days; at which time he was attended by the great Secretary of Nature and all Learning, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, and by the ever-memorable and learned Dr Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, both which did at that time begin a desired friendship with our Orator. Upon whom, the first put such a value on his judgment, that he usually desired his approbation before he would expose any of his books to be printed; and thought him so worthy of his friendship, that having translated many of the Prophet David's Psalms into English verse, he made George Herbert his patron, by a public dedication of them to him, as the best judge of Divine Poetry. And for the learned Bishop, it is observable, that at that time there fell to be a modest debate betwixt them two about Predestination, and Sanctity of life; of both of which the Orator did, not long after, send the Bishop some safe and useful aphorisms, in a long letter, written in Greek; which letter was so remarkable for the language and reason of it, that, after the reading it, the Bishop put it into his bosom, and did often shew it to many Scholars, both of this and foreign nations; but did always return it back

to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life.

To this I might add the long and entire friendship betwixt him and Sir Henry Wotton, and Dr Donne; but I have promised to contract myself, and shall therefore only add one testimony to what is also mentioned in the Life of Dr Donne; namely, that a little before his death he caused many Seals to be made, and in them to be engraven the figure of Christ, crucified on an Anchor,—the emblem of Hope—and of which Dr Donne would often say, "*Crux mihi anchora.*"—These Seals he gave or sent to most of those friends on which he put a value: and, at Mr Herbert's death, these verses were found wrapt up with that seal, which was by the Doctor given to him;

*When my dear friend could write no more,
He gave this Seal and so gave o'er.*

*When winds and waves rise highest, I am sure,
This Anchor keeps my faith, that me secure.*

At this time of being Orator, he had learned to understand the Italian, Spanish, and French tongues very perfectly: hoping, that as his predecessors, so he might in time attain the place of a Secretary of State, he being at that time very high in the King's favour, and not meanly valued and loved by the most eminent and most powerful of the Court Nobility. This, and the love of a Court-conversation, mixed with a laudable ambition to be something more than he then was, drew him often from Cambridge, to attend the King wheresoever the Court was, who then gave him a sinecure, which fell into his Majesty's disposal, I think, by the death of the Bishop of St Asaph. It was the same that Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to her favourite Sir Philip Sidney, and valued to be worth an hundred and twenty pounds per annum. With this, and his annuity, and the advantage of his College, and of his Oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes, and Court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge, unless the King were there, but then he never failed; and, at

other times, left the manage of his Orator's place to his learned friend, Mr Herbert Thorndike, who is now Prebend of Westminster.

I may not omit to tell, that he had often designed to leave the University, and decline all study, which he thought did impair his health; for he had a body apt to a consumption, and to fevers, and other infirmities, which he judged were increased by his studies; for he would often say, "He had too thoughtful a wit; a wit like a penknife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body." But his Mother would by no means allow him to leave the University, or to travel; and, though he inclined very much to both, yet he would by no means satisfy his own desires at so dear a rate, as to prove an undutiful son to so affectionate a Mother; but did always submit to her wisdom. And what I have now said may partly appear in a copy of verses in his printed poems; 'tis one of those that bear the title of Affliction; and it appears to be a pious reflection on God's providence, and some passages of his life, in which he says,

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took

The way that takes the town;

Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,

And wrap me in a gown:

I was entangled in a world of strife,

Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threaten'd oft the siege to raise,

Not simpering all mine age;

Thou often didst with academic praise

Melt and dissolve my rage:

I took the sweeten'd pill, till I came where

I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be

In my unhappiness,

Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me

Into more sicknesses.

Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making

Thine own gifts good, yet me from my ways taking.

*Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show.
I read, and sigh, and I wish I were a tree,
For then sure I should grow
To fruit or shade, at least some bird would trust
Her household with me, and I would be just.*

*Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek,
In weakness must be stout,
Well, I will change my service, and go seek
Some other master out;
Ah, my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.*

G. H.

In this time of Mr Herbert's attendance and expectation of some good occasion to remove from Cambridge to Court, God, in whom there is an unseen chain of causes, did in a short time put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful friends, Lodowick Duke of Richmond, and James Marquis of Hamilton; and not long after him King James died also, and with them, all Mr Herbert's Court-hopes: so that he presently betook himself to a retreat from London, to a friend in Kent, where he lived very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness, as was judged to impair his health, more than his study had done. In this time of retirement, he had many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a Court-life, or betake himself to a study of Divinity, and enter into Sacred Orders, to which his dear mother had often persuaded him. These were such conflicts, as they only can know, that have endured them; for ambitious desires, and the outward glory of this world, are not easily laid aside; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at his altar.

He did, at his return to London, acquaint a Court-friend with his resolution to enter into Sacred Orders, who persuaded him to alter it, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth, and the excellent

abilities and endowments of his mind. To whom he replied, "It hath been formerly judged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth. And though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible; yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for him; that hath done so much for me, as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus."

This was then his resolution; and the God of constancy, who intended him for a great example of virtue, continued him in it, for within that year he was made Deacon, but the day when, or by whom, I cannot learn; but that he was about that time made Deacon, is most certain; for I find by the Records of Lincoln, that he was made Prebend of Layton Ecclesia, in the Diocese of Lincoln, July 15th, 1626, and that this Prebend was given him by John, then Lord Bishop of that See. And now he had a fit occasion to shew that piety and bounty that was derived from his generous mother, and his other memorable ancestors, and the occasion was this.

This Layton Ecclesia is a village near to Spalden, in the County of Huntingdon, and the greatest part of the parish church was fallen down, and that of it which stood was so decayed, so little, and so useless, that the parishioners could not meet to perform their duty to God in public prayer and praises; and thus it had been for almost twenty years, in which time there had been some faint endeavours for a public collection to enable the parishioners to rebuild it; but with no success, till Mr Herbert undertook it; and he, by his own, and the contribution of many of his kindred, and other noble friends, undertook the re-edification of it; and made it so much his whole business, that he became restless till he

saw it finished as it now stands; being for the workmanship, a costly Mosaic; for the form, an exact cross; and for the decency and beauty, I am assured, it is the most remarkable parish church that this nation affords. He lived to see it so wainscotted, as to be exceeded by none; and, by his order, the reading pew and pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height; for he would often say, "They should neither have a precedence or priority of the other; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation."

Before I proceed farther, I must look back to the time of Mr Herbert's being made Prebend, and tell the Reader, that not long after, his mother being informed of his intentions to rebuild that church, and apprehending the great trouble and charge that he was like to draw upon himself, his relations and friends, before it could be finished, sent for him from London to Chelsea—where she then dwelt—and at his coming, said, "George, I sent for you, to persuade you to commit Simony, by giving your patron as good a gift as he has given to you; namely, that you give him back his prebend; for, George, it is not for your weak body, and empty purse, to undertake to build churches." Of which, he desired he might have a day's time to consider, and then make her an answer. And at his return to her the next day, when he had first desired her blessing, and she given it him, his next request was, "That she would at the age of thirty-three years, allow him to become an undutiful son; for he had made a vow to God, that, if he were able, he would rebuild that church." And then shewed her such reasons for his resolution, that she presently subscribed to be one of his benefactors; and undertook to solicit William Earl of Pembroke to become another, who subscribed for fifty pounds; and not long after, by a witty and persuasive letter from Mr Herbert, made it fifty pounds more. And in this nomination of some of his benefactors, James Duke of Lenox, and his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, ought to be remembered;

as also the bounty of Mr Nicholas Farrer, and Mr Arthur Woodnot; the one a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Layton, and the other a Goldsmith in Foster Lane, London, ought not to be forgotten: for the memory of such men ought to outlive their lives. Of Mr Farrer, I shall hereafter give an account in a more seasonable place; but before I proceed farther, I will give this short account of Mr Arthur Woodnot.

He was a man, that had considered overgrown estates do often require more care and watchfulness to preserve than get them, and considered that there be many discontents, that riches cure not; and did therefore set limits to himself, as to desire of wealth. And having attained so much as to be able to shew some mercy to the poor, and preserve a competence for himself, he dedicated the remaining part of his life to the service of God, and to be useful to his friends; and he proved to be so to Mr Herbert; for beside his own bounty, he collected and returned most of the money that was paid for the rebuilding of that Church; he kept all the account of the charges, and would often go down to state them, and see all the workmen paid. When I have said, that this good man was a useful friend to Mr Herbert's father, and to his mother, and continued to be so to him, till he closed his eyes on his death bed; I will forbear to say more, till I have the next fair occasion to mention the holy friendship that was betwixt him and Mr Herbert. From whom Mr Woodnot carried to his mother this following letter, and delivered it to her in a sickness, which was not long before that which proved to be her last.

*A Letter of MR GEORGE HERBERT to
his Mother, in her Sickness*

"MADAM,

"At my last parting from you, I was the better content, because I was in hope I should myself carry all sickness out of your family: but since I know I did not

and that your share continues, or rather increaseth, I wish earnestly that I were again with you; and would quickly make good my wish, but that my employment does fix me here, it being now but a month to our Commencement: wherein my absence, by how much it naturally augmenteth suspicion, by so much shall it make my prayers the more constant and the more earnest for you to the God of all consolation.—In the mean time, I beseech you to be cheerful, and comfort yourself in the God of all comfort, who is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin.—What hath affliction grievous in it more than for a moment? or why should our afflictions here, have so much power or boldness as to oppose the hope of our joys hereafter?—Madam, as the earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys; therefore, if either age or sickness lead you to those joys, consider what advantage you have over youth and health, who are now so near those true comforts. Your last letter gave me earthly preferment, and I hope kept heavenly for yourself: but would you divide and choose too? Our College customs allow not that: and I should account myself most happy, if I might change with you; for I have always observed the thread of life to be like other threads or skeins of silk, full of snarles and incumbrances. Happy is he, whose bottom is wound up, and laid ready for work in the New Jerusalem.—For myself, dear Mother, I always feared sickness more than death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it; but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family and so brought up your children, that they have attained to the years of discretion, and competent maintenance. So that now, if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world and your own conscience; insomuch that, whether you turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the joys that are to come,

you have strong preservatives against all disquiet. And for temporal afflictions, I beseech you consider all that can happen to you are either afflictions of estate, or body, or mind. For those of estate, of what poor regard ought they to be? since, if we had riches, we are commanded to give them away: so that the best use of them is, having, not to have them. But perhaps, being above the common people, our credit and estimation calls on us to live in a more splendid fashion: but, O God! how easily is that answered, when we consider that the blessings in the holy Scripture are never given to the rich, but to the poor. I never find 'Blessed be the rich,' or 'Blessed be the noble'; but, 'Blessed be the meek,' and, 'Blessed be the poor,' and, 'Blessed be the mourners, for they shall be comforted.'—And yet, O God! most carry themselves so, as if they not only not desired, but even feared to be blessed.—And for afflictions of the body, dear Madam, remember the holy Martyrs of God, how they have been burned by thousands, and have endured such other tortures, as the very mention of them might beget amazement: but their fiery trials have had an end; and yours—which, praised be God, are less—are not like to continue long. I beseech you, let such thoughts as these moderate your present fear and sorrow; and know that if any of yours should prove a Goliath-like trouble, yet you may say with David, 'That God, who hath delivered me out of the paws of the lion and bear, will also deliver me out of the hands of this uncircumcised Philistine.'—Lastly, for those afflictions of the soul; consider that God intends that to be as a Sacred Temple for himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for such an inmate as grief; or allow that any sadness shall be his competitor. And, above all, if any care of future things molest you, remember those admirable words of the Psalmist: 'Cast thy care on the Lord, and he shall nourish thee¹.' To which join that of St Peter, 'Casting all your care on the Lord, for he careth for you².' What

¹ Psal. lv. 22.² 1 Pet. v. 7.

an admirable thing is this, that God puts his shoulder to our burden, and entertains our care for us, that we may the more quietly intend his service!—To conclude, let me commend only one place more to you: Philipp. iv. 4. St Paul saith there, ‘Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, rejoice.’ He doubles it to take away the scruple of those that might say, What, shall we rejoice in afflictions? Yes, I say again, rejoice; so that it is not left to us to rejoice, or not rejoice; but, whatsoever befalls us, we must always, at all times, rejoice in the Lord, who taketh care for us. And it follows in the next verses: ‘Let your moderation appear to all men: The Lord is at hand: Be careful for nothing.’ What can be said more comfortably? Trouble not yourselves; God is at hand, to deliver us from all, or in all.—Dear Madam, pardon my boldness, and accept the good meaning of

“Your most obedient son,

“GEORGE HERBERT.

“*Trin. Coll. May 25th, 1622.*”

About the year 1629, and the thirty-fourth of his age, Mr Herbert was seized with a sharp quotidian ague, and thought to remove it by the change of air; to which end, he went to Woodford in Essex, but thither more chiefly to enjoy the company of his beloved brother, Sir Henry Herbert, and other friends then of that family. In his house he remained about twelve months, and there became his own physician, and cured himself of his ague, by forbearing drink, and not eating any meat, no not mutton, nor a hen, or pigeon, unless they were salted; and by such a constant diet he removed his ague, but with inconveniences that were worse; for he brought upon himself a disposition to rheums, and other weaknesses, and a supposed consumption. And it is to be noted, that in the sharpest of his extreme fits he would often say, “Lord, abate my great affliction, or increase my patience: but Lord, I repine not; I am dumb, Lord, before thee, because thou doest it.” By which, and a sanctified submission to the will of God, he shewed he

was inclinable to bear the sweet yoke of Christian discipline, both then and in the latter part of his life, of which there will be many true testimonies.

And now his care was to recover from his consumption, by a change from Woodford into such an air as was most proper to that end. And his remove was to Dauntsey in Wiltshire, a noble house, which stands in a choice air; the owner of it then was the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who loved Mr Herbert so very much, that he allowed him such an apartment in it, as might best suit with his accommodation and liking. And in this place, by a spare diet, declining all perplexing studies, moderate exercise, and a cheerful conversation, his health was apparently improved to a good degree of strength and cheerfulness. And then he declared his resolution both to marry, and to enter into the Sacred Orders of Priesthood. These had long been the desires of his mother, and his other relations; but she lived not to see either, for she died in the year 1627. And though he was disobedient to her about Layton Church, yet, in conformity to her will, he kept his Orator's place till after her death, and then presently declined it; and the more willingly, that he might be succeeded by his friend Robert Creighton, who now is Dr Creighton, and the worthy Bishop of Wells.

I shall now proceed to his marriage; in order to which, it will be convenient that I first give the Reader a short view of his person, and then an account of his wife, and of some circumstances concerning both.—He was for his person of a stature inclining towards tallness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman; for they were all so meek and obliging, that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him.

These, and his other visible virtues, begot him much love from a gentleman of a noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby; namely, from

Mr Charles Danvers of Bainton, in the County of Wilts, Esq. This Mr Danvers, having known him long, and familiarly, did so much affect him, that he often and publicly declared a desire, that Mr Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters—for he had so many—but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing: and Mr Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a Platonic, as to fall in love with Mr Herbert unseen.

This was a fair preparation for a marriage; but, alas! her father died before Mr Herbert's retirement to Dauntsey: yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city; and love having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions, as neither party was able to resist; insomuch, that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview.

This haste might in others be thought a love-frenzy, or worse; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes, as to have select proxies; such as were true friends to both parties, such as well understood Mr Herbert's and her temper of mind; and also their estates so well, before this interview, that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence; and the more, because it proved so happy to both parties; for the eternal lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections, and compliance; indeed, so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love and joy and content, as was no way defective; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each

other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improveable in Heaven, where they now enjoy it.

About three months after this marriage, Dr Curle, who was then Rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, was made Bishop of Bath and Wells, and not long after translated to Winchester, and by that means the presentation of a Clerk to Bemerton did not fall to the Earl of Pembroke—who was the undoubted Patron of it—but to the King, by reason of Dr Curle's advancement: but Philip, then Earl of Pembroke—for William was lately dead—requested the King to bestow it upon his kinsman George Herbert; and the King said, "Most willingly to Mr Herbert, if it be worth his acceptance"; and the Earl as willingly and suddenly sent it him, without seeking. But though Mr Herbert had formerly put on a resolution for the Clergy; yet, at receiving this presentation, the apprehension of the last great account, that he was to make for the cure of so many souls, made him fast and pray often, and consider for not less than a month: in which time he had some resolutions to decline both the Priesthood, and that living. And in this time of considering, "he endured," as he would often say, "such spiritual conflicts, as none can think, but only those that have endured them."

In the midst of these conflicts, his old and dear friend, Mr Arthur Woodnot, took a journey to salute him at Bainton—where he then was with his wife's friends and relations—and was joyful to be an eye-witness of his health and happy marriage. And after they had rejoiced together some few days, they took a journey to Wilton, the famous seat of the Earls of Pembroke; at which time the King, the Earl, and the whole Court were there, or at Salisbury, which is near to it. And at this time Mr Herbert presented his thanks to the Earl, for his presentation to Bemerton, but had not yet resolved to accept it, and told him the reason why: but that night, the Earl acquainted Dr Laud, then Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of Canterbury, with his kinsman's irresolu-

tion. And the Bishop did the next day so convince Mr Herbert, that the refusal of it was a sin, that a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton, to take measure, and make him canonical clothes against next day; which the tailor did: and Mr Herbert being so habited, went with his presentation to the learned Dr Davenant, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately—for Mr Herbert had been made Deacon some years before—and he was also the same day—which was April 26th, 1630—inducted into the good, and more pleasant than healthful, Parsonage of Bemerton; which is a mile from Salisbury.

I have now brought him to the Parsonage of Bemerton, and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here, and bespeak the Reader to prepare for an almost incredible story, of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St Chrysostom to commend and declare it: a life, that if it were related by a pen like his, there would then be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety; for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert. But now, alas! who is fit to undertake it? I confess I am not; and am not pleased with myself that I must; and profess myself amazed, when I consider how few of the Clergy lived like him then, and how many live so unlike him now. But it becomes not me to censure: my design is rather to assure the Reader, that I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity.

When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton Church, being left there alone to toll the bell—as the Law requires him—he staid so much longer than an ordinary time, before he returned to those friends that staid expecting him at the Church-door, that his friend Mr Woodnot looked in at the Church-window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the Altar; at

which time and place—as he after told Mr Woodnot—he set some rules to himself, for the future manage of his life; and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them.

And the same night that he had his induction, he said to Mr Woodnot, “I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. And I can now behold the Court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures; pleasures, that are so empty, as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed. But in God, and his service, is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety. And I will now use all my endeavours to bring my relations and dependents to a love and reliance on Him, who never fails those that trust him. But above all, I will be sure to live well, because the virtuous life of a Clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts. And I beseech that God, who hath honoured me so much as to call me to serve him at his altar, that as by his special grace he hath put into my heart these good desires and resolutions; so he will, by his assisting grace, give me ghostly strength to bring the same to good effect. And I beseech him, that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others, as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my Master and Governor; and I am so proud of his service, that I will always observe, and obey, and do his will; and always call him, Jesus my Master; and I will always contemn my birth, or any title or dignity that can be conferred upon me, when I shall compare them with my title of being a Priest, and serving at the Altar of Jesus my Master.”

And that he did so, may appear in many parts of his book of *Sacred Poems*: especially in that which he calls

The Odour. In which he seems to rejoice in the thoughts of that word *Jesus*, and say, that the adding these words, *my Master*, to it, and the often repetition of them, seemed to perfume his mind, and leave an oriental fragrantcy in his very breath. And for his unforced choice to serve at God's altar, he seems in another place of his poems, *The Pearl* (Matt. xiii. 45, 46), to rejoice and say—"He knew the ways of learning; knew what nature does willingly, and what, when it is forced by fire; knew the ways of honour, and when glory inclines the soul to noble expressions: knew the Court; knew the ways of pleasure, of love, of wit, of music, and upon what terms he declined all these for the service of his Master Jesus"; and then concludes, saying,

*That, through these labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
But thy silk-twist, let down from Heaven to me,
Did both conduct, and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.*

The third day after he was made Rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, he returned so habited with his friend Mr Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her—"You are now a Minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know, that a Priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, that I am so good a Herald, as to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meek a wife, as to assure him, "it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness." And, indeed, her unforced humility, that humility that was in her so original, as to be born with her, made her so happy as to do so; and her doing so begot her an unfeigned love, and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her; and this love followed her in all

places, as inseparably as shadows follow substances in sunshine.

It was not many days before he returned back to Bemerton, to view the Church, and repair the Chancel and indeed to rebuild almost three parts of his house, which was fallen down, or decayed by reason of his predecessor's living at a better Parsonage-house; namely, at Minal, sixteen or twenty miles from this place. At which time of Mr Herbert's coming alone to Bemerton, there came to him a poor old woman, with an intent to acquaint him with her necessitous condition, as also with some troubles of her mind: but after she had spoke some few words to him, she was surprised with a fear, and that begot a shortness of breath, so that her spirits and speech failed her; which he perceiving, did so compassionate her, and was so humble, that he took her by the hand, and said, "Speak, good mother; be not afraid to speak to me; for I am a man that will hear you with patience; and will relieve your necessities too, if I be able: and this I will do willingly; and therefore, mother, be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire." After which comfortable speech, he again took her by the hand, made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his parish, he told her "He would be acquainted with her, and take her into his care." And having with patience heard and understood her wants—and it is some relief for a poor body to be but heard with patience—he, like a Christian Clergyman, comforted her by his meek behaviour and counsel; but because that cost him nothing, he relieved her with money too, and so sent her home with a cheerful heart, praising God, and praying for him. Thus worthy, and—like David's blessed man—thus lowly, was Mr George Herbert in his own eyes, and thus lovely in the eyes of others.

At his return that night to his wife at Bainton, he gave her an account of the passages betwixt him and the poor woman; with which she was so affected, that she went next day to Salisbury, and there bought a pair of blankets,

and sent them as a token of her love to the poor woman; and with them a message, "That she would see and be acquainted with her, when her house was built at Bemerton."

There be many such passages both of him and his wife, of which some few will be related: but I shall first tell, that he hasted to get the Parish-Church repaired; then to beautify the Chapel—which stands near his house—and that at his own great charge. He then proceeded to rebuild the greatest part of the Parsonage-house, which he did also very completely, and at his own charge; and having done this good work, he caused these verses to be writ upon, or engraven in, the mantle of the chimney in his hall.

TO MY SUCCESSOR

*If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost;
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labour's not lost.*

We will now, by the Reader's favour, suppose him fixed at Bemerton, and grant him to have seen the Church repaired, and the Chapel belonging to it very decently adorned at his own great charge—which is a real truth—and having now fixed him there, I shall proceed to give an account of the rest of his behaviour, both to his parishioners, and those many others that knew and conversed with him.

Doubtless Mr Herbert had considered, and given rules to himself for his Christian carriage both to God and man, before he entered into Holy Orders. And 'tis not unlike, but that he renewed those resolutions at his prostration before the holy altar, at his induction into the Church of Bemerton: but as yet he was but a Deacon, and therefore longed for the next Ember-week, that he might be ordained Priest, and made capable of

administering both the Sacraments. At which time the Reverend Dr Humphrey Henchman, now Lord Bishop of London—who does not mention him but with some veneration for his life and excellent learning—tells me, “He laid his hand on Mr Herbert’s head, and, alas! within less than three years, lent his shoulder to carry his dear friend to his grave.”

And that Mr Herbert might the better preserve those holy rules which such a Priest as he intended to be, ought to observe; and that time might not insensibly blot them out of his memory, but that the next year might shew him his variations from this year’s resolutions; he therefore did set down his rules, then resolved upon, in that order as the world now sees them printed in a little book, called *The Country Parson*; in which some of his rules are:

The Parson’s knowledge.

The Parson on Sundays.

The Parson praying.

The Parson preaching.

The Parson’s charity.

The Parson comforting the sick.

The Parson arguing.

The Parson condescending.

The Parson in his journey.

The Parson in his mirth.

The Parson with his Churchwardens.

The Parson blessing the people.

And his behaviour toward God and man may be said to be a practical comment on these, and the other holy rules set down in that useful book: a book so full of plain, prudent, and useful rules, that that Country Parson, that can spare twelve pence, and yet wants it, is scarce excusable; because it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it.

At the death of Mr Herbert, this book fell into the hands of his friend Mr Woodnot; and he commended it into the trusty hands of Mr Barnabas Oley, who published it with a most conscientious and excellent preface; from which I have had some of those truths, that are related in this life of Mr Herbert. The text for his first sermon was taken out of Solomon’s Proverbs,

[chap. iv. 23], and the words were, "Keep thy heart with all diligence." In which first sermon he gave his parishioners many necessary, holy, safe rules for the discharge of a good conscience, both to God and man; and delivered his sermon after a most florid manner, both with great learning and eloquence; but, at the close of this sermon, told them, "That should not be his constant way of preaching; for since Almighty God does not intend to lead men to Heaven by hard questions, he would not therefore fill their heads with unnecessary notions; but that, for their sakes, his language and his expressions should be more plain and practical in his future sermons." And he then made it his humble request, "That they would be constant to the Afternoon's Service, and Catechising": and shewed them convincing reasons why he desired it; and his obliging example and persuasions brought them to a willing conformity to his desires.

The texts for all his future sermons—which God knows, were not many—were constantly taken out of the Gospel for the day; and he did as constantly declare why the Church did appoint that portion of Scripture to be that day read; and in what manner the Collect for every Sunday does refer to the Gospel, or to the Epistle then read to them; and, that they might pray with understanding, he did usually take occasion to explain, not only the Collect for every particular Sunday, but the reasons of all the other Collects and Responses in our Church-service; and made it appear to them, that the whole service of the Church was a reasonable, and therefore an acceptable sacrifice to God: as namely, that we begin with "Confession of ourselves to be vile, miserable sinners"; and that we begin so, because, till we have confessed ourselves to be such, we are not capable of that mercy which we acknowledge we need, and pray for: but having, in the prayer of our Lord, begged pardon for those sins which we have confessed; and hoping, that as the Priest hath declared our absolution, so by our public confession, and real repentance, we have

obtained that pardon; then we dare and do proceed to beg of the Lord, "to open our lips, that our mouths may shew forth his praise"; for till then we are neither able nor worthy to praise him. But this being supposed, we are then fit to say, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost"; and fit to proceed to a further service of our God, in the Collects, and Psalms, and Lauds, that follow in the service.

And as to the Psalms and Lauds, he proceeded to inform them why they were so often, and some of them daily, repeated in our Church-service; namely, the Psalms every month, because they be an historical and thankful repetition of mercies past, and such a composition of prayers and praises, as ought to be repeated often, and publicly; for with such sacrifice God is honoured and well-pleased. This for the Psalms.

And for the Hymns and Lauds appointed to be daily repeated or sung after the first and second Lessons are read to the congregation; he proceeded to inform them, that it was most reasonable, after they have heard the will and goodness of God declared or preached by the Priest in his reading the two chapters, that it was then a seasonable duty to rise up, and express their gratitude to Almighty God, for those his mercies to them, and to all mankind; and then to say with the Blessed Virgin, "that their souls do magnify the Lord, and that their spirits do also rejoice in God their Saviour": and that it was their duty also to rejoice with Simeon in his song, and say with him, "that their eyes have" also "seen their salvation"; for they have seen that salvation which was but prophesied till his time: and he then broke out into those expressions of joy that he did see it; but they live to see it daily in the history of it, and therefore ought daily to rejoice, and daily to offer up their sacrifices of praise to their God, for that particular mercy. A service, which is now the constant employment of that Blessed Virgin and Simeon, and all those blessed Saints that are possessed of Heaven: and where they are at this time interchangeably and constantly singing,

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God; glory be to God on high, and on earth peace." And he taught them, that to do this was an acceptable service to God, because the Prophet David says in his Psalms, "He that praiseth the Lord honoureth him."

He made them to understand how happy they be that are freed from the incumbrances of that law which our forefathers groaned under: namely, from the legal sacrifices, and from the many ceremonies of the Levitical law; freed from Circumcision, and from the strict observation of the Jewish Sabbath, and the like. And he made them know, that having received so many and so great blessings, by being born since the days of our Saviour, it must be an acceptable sacrifice to Almighty God, for them to acknowledge those blessings daily, and stand up and worship, and say as Zacharias did, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath (in our days) visited and redeemed his people; and (he hath in our days) remembered, and shewed that mercy, which by the mouth of the Prophets, he promised to our forefathers; and this he hath done according to his holy covenant made with them." And he made them to understand that we live to see and enjoy the benefit of it, in his Birth, in his Life, his Passion, his Resurrection, and Ascension into Heaven, where he now sits sensible of all our temptations and infirmities; and where he is at this present time making intercession for us, to his and our Father: and therefore they ought daily to express their public gratulations, and say daily with Zacharias, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, that hath thus visited and thus redeemed his people."—These were some of the reasons, by which Mr Herbert instructed his congregation for the use of the Psalms and Hymns appointed to be daily sung or said in the Church-service.

He informed them also, when the Priest did pray only for the congregation, and not for himself; and when they did only pray for him; as namely, after the repetition of the Creed before he proceeds to pray the Lord's Prayer, or any of the appointed Collects, the Priest is

directed to kneel down, and pray for them, saying, "The Lord be with you"; and when they pray for him, saying, "And with thy spirit"; and then they join together in the following Collects: and he assured them, that when there is such mutual love, and such joint prayers offered for each other, then the holy Angels look down from Heaven, and are ready to carry such charitable desires to God Almighty, and he as ready to receive them; and that a Christian congregation calling thus upon God with one heart, and one voice, and in one reverent and humble posture, looks as beautifully as Jerusalem, that is at peace with itself.

He instructed them also why the prayer of our Lord was prayed often in every full service of the Church; namely, at the conclusion of the several parts of that service; and prayed then, not only because it was composed and commanded by our Jesus that made it, but as a perfect pattern for our less perfect forms of prayer, and therefore fittest to sum up and conclude all our imperfect petitions.

He instructed them also, that as by the second Commandment we are required not to bow down, or worship an idol, or false god; so, by the contrary rule, we are to bow down and kneel, or stand up and worship the true God. And he instructed them why the Church required the congregation to stand up at the repetition of the Creeds; namely, because they thereby declare both their obedience to the Church, and an assent to that faith into which they had been baptized. And he taught them, that in that shorter Creed or Doxology, so often repeated daily, they also stood up to testify their belief to be, that "the God that they trusted in was one God, and three persons; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; to whom they and the Priest gave glory." And because there had been heretics that had denied some of those three persons to be God, therefore the congregation stood up and honoured him, by confessing and saying, "It was so in the beginning, is now so, and shall ever be so world without end." And all

gave their assent to this belief, by standing up and saying, Amen.

He instructed them also what benefit they had by the Church's appointing the celebration of holidays and the excellent use of them, namely, that they were set apart for particular commemorations of particular mercies received from Almighty God; and (as Reverend Mr Hooker says) to be the landmarks to distinguish times; for by them we are taught to take notice how time passes by us, and that we ought not to let the years pass without a celebration of praise for those mercies which those days give us occasion to remember, and therefore they were to note that the year is appointed to begin the 25th day of March; a day in which we commemorate the Angel's appearing to the Blessed Virgin, with the joyful tidings that "she should conceive and bear a son, that should be the Redeemer of mankind." And she did so forty weeks after this joyful salutation; namely, at our Christmas: a day in which we commemorate his Birth with joy and praise: and that eight days after this happy birth we celebrate his Circumcision; namely, in that which we call New-year's day. And that, upon that day which we call Twelfth-day, we commemorate the manifestation of the unsearchable riches of Jesus to the Gentiles: and that that day we also celebrate the memory of his goodness in sending a star to guide the three Wise Men from the East to Bethlehem, that they might there worship, and present him with their oblations of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. And he—Mr Herbert—instructed them, that Jesus was forty days after his birth presented by his blessed Mother in the Temple; namely, on that day which we call, "The Purification of the Blessed Virgin, Saint Mary." And he instructed them, that by the Lent-fast we imitate and commemorate our Saviour's humiliation in fasting forty days; and that we ought to endeavour to be like him in purity: and that on Good Friday we commemorate and condole his Crucifixion; and at Easter commemorate his glorious Resurrection. And he taught them, that after Jesus had

manifested himself to his Disciples to be “that Christ that was crucified, dead and buried”; and by his appearing and conversing with his Disciples for the space of forty days after his Resurrection, he then, and not till then, ascended into Heaven in the sight of those Disciples; namely, on that day which we call the Ascension, or Holy Thursday. And that we then celebrate the performance of the promise which he made to his Disciples at or before his Ascension; namely, “that though he left them, yet he would send them the Holy Ghost to be their Comforter”; and that he did so on that day which the Church calls Whitsunday.—Thus the Church keeps an historical and circular commemoration of times, as they pass by us; of such times as ought to incline us to occasional praises, for the particular blessings which we do, or might receive, by those holy commemorations.

He made them know also why the Church hath appointed Ember-weeks; and to know the reason why the Commandments, and the Epistles and Gospels, were to be read at the Altar or Communion Table: why the Priest was to pray the Litany kneeling; and why to pray some Collects standing: and he gave them many other observations, fit for his plain congregation, but not fit for me now to mention; for I must set limits to my pen, and not make that a treatise, which I intended to be a much shorter account than I have made it: but I have done, when I have told the Reader, that he was constant in catechising every Sunday in the afternoon, and that his catechising was after his Second Lesson, and in the pulpit; and that he never exceeded his half hour, and was always so happy as to have an obedient and a full congregation.

And to this I must add, that if he were at any time too zealous in his sermons, it was in reproving the indecencies of the people’s behaviour in the time of divine service; and of those Ministers that huddled up the Church-prayers, without a visible reverence and affection; namely, such as seemed to say the Lord’s prayer, or a Collect, in a breath. But for himself, his custom

was, to stop betwixt every Collect, and give the people time to consider what they had prayed, and to force their desires affectionately to God, before he engaged them into new petitions.

And by this account of his diligence to make his parishioners understand what they prayed, and why they praised and adored their Creator, I hope I shall the more easily obtain the Reader's belief to the following account of Mr Herbert's own practice; which was to appear constantly with his wife and three nieces—the daughters of a deceased sister—and his whole family, twice every day at the Church-prayers, in the Chapel, which does almost join to his Parsonage-house. And for the time of his appearing, it was strictly at the canonical hours of ten and four: and then and there he lifted up pure and charitable hands to God in the midst of the congregation. And he would joy to have spent that time in that place, where the honour of his Master Jesus dwelleth; and there, by that inward devotion which he testified constantly by an humble behaviour and visible adoration, he, like Joshua, brought not only "his own household thus to serve the Lord"; but brought most of his parishioners, and many gentlemen in the neighbourhood, constantly to make a part of his congregation twice a day: and some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when Mr Herbert's Saint's-bell rung to prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him; and would then return back to their plough. And his most holy life was such, that it begot such reverence to God, and to him, that they thought themselves the happier, when they carried Mr Herbert's blessing back with them to their labour. Thus powerful was his reason and example to persuade others to a practical piety and devotion.

And his constant public prayers did never make him to neglect his own private devotions, nor those prayers that he thought himself bound to perform with his family, which always were a set form, and not long; and

he did always conclude them with that Collect which the Church hath appointed for the day or week.—Thus he made every day's sanctity a step towards that kingdom, where impurity cannot enter.

His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol: and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such, that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the Cathedral Church in Salisbury; and at his return would say "That his time spent in prayer, and Cathedral-music, elevated his soul, and was his Heaven upon earth." But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music-meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, "Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it."

And as his desire to enjoy his Heaven upon earth drew him twice every week to Salisbury, so his walks thither were the occasion of many happy accidents to others; of which I will mention some few.

In one of his walks to Salisbury, he overtook a gentleman, that is still living in that city; and in their walk together, Mr Herbert took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused, if he asked him some account of his faith; and said, "I do this the rather, because though you are not of my parish, yet I receive tythe from you by the hand of your tenant; and, Sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know there be some sermon-hearers that be like those fishes, that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh."

After which expression, Mr Herbert asked him some needful questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner, that the gentleman did so fall in love with him, and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton;

and still mentions the name of Mr George Herbert with veneration, and still praiseth God for the occasion of knowing him.

In another of his Salisbury walks, he met with a neighbour Minister; and after some friendly discourse betwixt them, and some condolment for the decay of piety, and too general contempt of the Clergy, Mr Herbert took occasion to say,

“One cure for these distempers would be, for the Clergy themselves to keep the Ember-weeks strictly, and beg of their parishioners to join with them in fasting and prayers for a more religious Clergy ”

And another cure would be, “for themselves to restore the great and neglected duty of Catechising, on which the Salvation of so many of the poor and ignorant lay-people does depend; but principally, that the Clergy themselves would be sure to live unblameably; and that the dignified Clergy especially which preach temperance, would avoid surfeiting and take all occasions to express a visible humility and charity in their lives; for this would force a love and an imitation, and an unfeigned reverence from all that knew them to be such.” (And for proof of this, we need no other testimony than the life and death of Dr Lake, late Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.) “This,” said Mr Herbert, “would be a cure for the wickedness and growing Atheism of our age. And, my dear brother, till this be done by us, and done in earnest, let no man expect a reformation of the manners of the Laity; for ’tis not learning, but this, this only that must do it; and, till then, the fault must lie at our doors.”

In another walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load: they were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load, his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the Good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him, “That if he loved himself he should

be merciful to his beast." Thus he left the poor man: and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed: but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him "He had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment," his answer was, "That the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place: for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or shewing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let's tune our instruments."

Thus, as our blessed Saviour, after his Resurrection did take occasion to interpret the Scripture to Cleophas, and that other Disciple, which he met with and accompanied in their journey to Emmaus; so Mr Herbert, in his path toward Heaven, did daily take any fair occasion to instruct the ignorant, or comfort any that were in affliction; and did always confirm his precepts, by shewing humility and mercy, and ministering grace to the hearers.

And he was most happy in his wife's unforced compliance with his acts of Charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand, a tenth penny of what money he received for tythe, and gave her power to dispose that to the poor of his parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly into his barn: which trust she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship, and as often beg an enlargement of his bounty; for she rejoiced in the employment: and this was usually laid out by her in blankets and shoes for some such poor people as she knew to stand in most need of them. This as to her charity.—And for his own,

he set no limits to it: nor did ever turn his face from any that he saw in want, but would relieve them; especially his poor neighbours; to the meanest of whose houses he would go, and inform himself of their wants, and relieve them cheerfully, if they were in distress; and would always praise God, as much for being willing, as for being able to do it. And when he was advised by a friend to be more frugal, because he might have children, his answer was, "He would not see the danger of want so far off: but being the Scripture does so commend Charity, as to tell us that Charity is the top of Christian virtues, the covering of sins, the fulfilling of the Law, the Life of Faith; and that Charity hath a promise of the blessings of this life, and of a reward in that life which is to come: being these, and more excellent things are in Scripture spoken of thee, O Charity! and that, being all my tythes and Church-dues are a deodate from thee, O my God! make me, O my God! so far to trust thy promise, as to return them back to thee; and by thy grace I will do so, in distributing them to any of thy poor members that are in distress, or do but bear the image of Jesus my Master." "Sir," said he to his friend, "my wife hath a competent maintenance secured her after my death; and therefore, as this is my prayer, so this my resolution shall, by God's grace, be unalterable."

This may be some account of the excellencies of the active part of his life; and thus he continued, till a consumption so weakened him, as to confine him to his house, or to the Chapel, which does almost join to it; in which he continued to read prayers constantly twice every day, though he were very weak: in one of which times of his reading, his wife observed him to read in pain, and told him so, and that it wasted his spirits, and weakened him; and he confessed it did, but said, "his life could not be better spent, than in the service of his Master Jesus, who had done and suffered so much for him. But," said he, "I will not be wilful; for though my spirit be willing, yet I find my flesh is weak; and therefore Mr Bostock shall be appointed to read prayers

for me to-morrow; and I will now be only a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality." And Mr Bostock did the next day undertake and continue this happy employment, till Mr Herbert's death. This Mr Bostock was a learned and virtuous man, an old friend of Mr Herbert's, and then his Curate to the Church of Fulston, which is a mile from Bemerton, to which Church Bemerton is but a Chapel of Ease. And this Mr Bostock did also constantly supply the Church-service for Mr Herbert in that Chapel, when the music-meeting at Salisbury caused his absence from it.

About one month before his death, his friend Mr Farrer—for an account of whom I am by promise indebted to the Reader, and intend to make him sudden payment—hearing of Mr Herbert's sickness, sent Mr Edward Duncon—who is now Rector of Friar Barnet in the County of Middlesex—from his house of Gidden Hall, which is near to Huntingdon, to see Mr Herbert, and to assure him, he wanted not his daily prayers for his recovery; and Mr Duncon was to return back to Gidden, with an account of Mr Herbert's condition. Mr Duncon found him weak, and at that time lying on his bed, or on a pallet; but at his seeing Mr Duncon he raised himself vigorously, saluted him, and with some earnestness enquired the health of his brother Farrer; of which Mr Duncon satisfied him, and after some discourse of Mr Farrer's holy life, and the manner of his constant serving God, he said to Mr Duncon—"Sir, I see by your habit that you are a Priest, and I desire you to pray with me": which being granted, Mr Duncon asked him, "What prayers?" To which Mr Herbert's answer was, "O, Sir! the prayers of my Mother, the Church of England: no other prayers are equal to them! But at this time, I beg of you to pray only the Litany, for I am weak and faint": and Mr Duncon did so. After which, and some other discourse of Mr Farrer, Mrs Herbert provided Mr Duncon a plain supper, and a clean lodging, and he betook himself to rest. This Mr Duncon tells me; and tells me, that, at his first view

of Mr Herbert, he saw majesty and humility so reconciled in his looks and behaviour, as begot in him an awful reverence for his person; and says, "his discourse was so pious, and his motion so genteel and meek, that after almost forty years, yet they remain still fresh in his memory."

The next morning Mr Duncon left him, and betook himself to a journey to Bath, but with a promise to return back to him within five days; and he did so: but before I shall say any thing of what discourse then fell betwixt them two, I will pay my promised account of Mr Farrer.

Mr Nicholas Farrer—who got the reputation of being called Saint Nicholas at the age of six years—was born in London, and doubtless had good education in his youth; but certainly was, at an early age, made Fellow of Clare-Hall in Cambridge; where he continued to be eminent for his piety, temperance, and learning. About the twenty-sixth year of his age, he betook himself to travel: in which he added, to his Latin and Greek, a perfect knowledge of all the languages spoken in the Western parts of our Christian world; and understood well the principles of their religion, and of their manner, and the reasons of their worship. In this his travel he met with many persuasions to come into a communion with that church which calls itself Catholic: but he returned from his travels as he went, eminent for his obedience to his mother, the Church of England. In his absence from England, Mr Farrer's father—who was a merchant—allowed him a liberal maintenance; and, not long after his return into England, Mr Farrer had, by the death of his father, or an elder brother, or both, an estate left him, that enabled him to purchase land to the value of four or five hundred pounds a year; the greatest part of which land was at Little Gidden, four or six miles from Huntingdon, and about eighteen from Cambridge; which place he chose for the privacy of it, and for the Hall, which had the Parish-Church or Chapel, belonging and adjoining near to it; for Mr Farrer, having

seen the manners and vanities of the world, and found them to be, as Mr Herbert says, "a nothing between two dishes," did so condemn it, that he resolved to spend the remainder of his life in mortifications, and in devotion, and charity, and to be always prepared for death. And his life was spent thus:

He and his family, which were like a little College, and about thirty in number, did most of them keep Lent and all Ember-weeks strictly, both in fasting and using all those mortifications and prayers that the Church hath appointed to be then used; and he and they did the like constantly on Fridays, and on the Vigils or Eves appointed to be fasted before the Saints' days: and this frugality and abstinence turned to the relief of the poor: but this was but a part of his charity; none but God and he knew the rest.

This family, which I have said to be in number about thirty, were a part of them his kindred, and the rest chosen to be of a temper fit to be moulded into a devout life; and all of them were for their dispositions serviceable and quiet and humble and free from scandal. Having thus fitted himself for his family, he did, about the year 1630, betake himself to a constant and methodical service of God; and it was in this manner:—He, being accompanied with most of his family, did himself use to read the common prayers—for he was a Deacon—every day, at the appointed hours of ten and four, in the Parish-Church, which was very near his house, and which he had both repaired and adorned; for it was fallen into a great ruin, by reason of a depopulation of the village before Mr Farrer bought the manor. And he did also constantly read the Matins every morning at the hour of six, either in the Church, or in an Oratory, which was within his own house. And many of the family did there continue with him after the prayers were ended, and there they spent some hours in singing Hymns, or Anthems, sometimes in the Church, and often to an organ in the Oratory. And there they sometimes betook themselves to meditate, or to pray privately, or to read

a part of the New Testament to themselves, or to continue their praying or reading the Psalms; and in case the Psalms were not always read in the day, then Mr Farrer, and others of the congregation, did at night, at the ringing of a watch-bell, repair to the Church or Oratory, and there betake themselves to prayers and lauding God, and reading the Psalms that had not been read in the day: and when these, or any part of the congregation, grew weary or faint, the watch-bell was rung, sometimes before, and sometimes after midnight; and then another part of the family rose, and maintained the watch, sometimes by praying, or singing lauds to God, or reading the Psalms; and when, after some hours, they also grew weary or faint, then they rung the watch-bell and were also relieved by some of the former, or by a new part of the society, which continued their devotions—as hath been mentioned—until morning. And it is to be noted, that in this continued serving of God, the Psalter or the whole Book of Psalms, was in every four and twenty hours sung or read over, from the first to the last verse: and this was done as constantly as the sun runs his circle every day about the world, and then begins again the same instant that it ended.

Thus did Mr Farrer and his happy family serve God day and night; thus did they always behave themselves as in his presence. And they did always eat and drink by the strictest rules of temperance; eat and drink so as to be ready to rise at midnight, or at the call of a watch-bell, and perform their devotions to God. And 'tis fit to tell the Reader, that many of the Clergy, that were more inclined to practical piety and devotion, than to doubtful and needless disputations, did often come to Gidden Hall, and make themselves a part of that happy society, and stay a week or more, and then join with Mr Farrer and the family in these devotions, and assist and ease him or them in their watch by night. And these various devotions had never less than two of the domestic family in the night; and the watch was always kept in the Church or Oratory, unless in extreme cold winter

nights, and then it was maintained in a parlour, which had a fire in it; and the parlour was fitted for that purpose. And this course of piety, and great liberality to his poor neighbours, Mr Farrer maintained till his death, which was in the year 1639.

Mr Farrer's and Mr Herbert's devout lives were both so noted, that the general report of their sanctity gave them occasion to renew that slight acquaintance which was begun at their being contemporaries in Cambridge; and this new holy friendship was long maintained without any interview, but only by loving and endearing letters. And one testimony of their friendship and pious designs, may appear by Mr Farrer's commending the *Considerations of John Valdesso*—a book which he had met with in his travels, and translated out of Spanish into English—to be examined and censured by Mr Herbert before it was made public: which excellent book Mr Herbert did read, and return back with many marginal notes, as they be now printed with it; and with them, Mr Herbert's affectionate letter to Mr Farrer.

This John Valdesso was a Spaniard, and was for his learning and virtue much valued and loved by the great Emperor Charles the Fifth, whom Valdesso had followed as a Cavalier all the time of his long and dangerous wars: and when Valdesso grew old, and grew weary both of war and the world, he took his fair opportunity to declare to the Emperor, that his resolution was to decline his Majesty's service, and betake himself to a quiet and contemplative life, "because there ought to be a vacancy of time betwixt fighting and dying." The Emperor had himself, for the same, or other like reasons, put on the same resolution: but God and himself did, till then, only know them; and he did therefore desire Valdesso to consider well of what he had said, and to keep his purpose within his own breast, till they two might have a second opportunity of a friendly discourse; which Valdesso promised to do.

In the mean time the Emperor appoints privately a day for him and Valdesso to meet again; and, after a

pious and free discourse, they both agreed on a certain day to receive the blessed Sacrament publicly; and appointed an eloquent and devout Friar to preach a sermon of contempt of the world, and of the happiness and benefit of a quiet and contemplative life; which the Friar did most affectionately. After which sermon, the Emperor took occasion to declare openly, "That the preacher had begot in him a resolution to lay down his dignities, and to forsake the world, and betake himself to a monastical life." And he pretended, he had persuaded John Valdesso to do the like: but this is most certain, that after the Emperor had called his son Philip out of England, and resigned to him all his kingdoms, that then the Emperor and John Valdesso did perform their resolutions.

This account of John Valdesso I received from a friend, that had it from the mouth of Mr Farrer. And the Reader may note that in this retirement John Valdesso writ his *Hundred and Ten Considerations*, and many other treatises of worth, which want a second Mr Farrer to procure and translate them.

After this account of Mr Farrer and John Valdesso, I proceed to my account of Mr Herbert and Mr Duncon, who according to his promise returned from Bath the fifth day, and then found Mr Herbert much weaker than he left him; and therefore their discourse could not be long: but at Mr Duncon's parting with him, Mr Herbert spoke to this purpose: "Sir, I pray you give my brother Farrer an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me; and let him know that I have considered, that God only is what he would be; and that I am, by his grace, become now so like him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth him; and tell him, that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health: and tell him, my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found; and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience." Having said this, he did, with so sweet a humility as seemed to

exalt him, bow down to Mr Duncon, and with a thoughtful and contented look, say to him, "Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Farrer, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master: in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul: let it be made public; if not, let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies." Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of *The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*; of which Mr Farrer would say, "There was in it the picture of a divine soul in every page: and that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions, as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety." And it appears to have done so; for there have been more than twenty thousand of them sold since the first impression.

And this ought to be noted, that when Mr Farrer sent this book to Cambridge to be licensed for the press, the Vice-Chancellor would by no means allow the two so much noted verses,

*Religion stands a tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand,*

to be printed; and Mr Farrer would by no means allow the book to be printed and want them. But after some time, and some arguments for and against their being made public, the Vice-Chancellor said, "I knew Mr Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly speculations, and was a divine poet: but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I license the whole book." So that it came to be printed without the diminution or addition of a syllable, since it was delivered into the hands of Mr Duncon, save only that Mr Farrer hath added that excellent Preface that is printed before it.

At the time of Mr Duncon's leaving Mr Herbert—which was about three weeks before his death—his old and dear friend Mr Woodnot came from London to Bemerton, and never left him till he had seen him draw his last breath, and closed his eyes on his death-bed. In this time of his decay, he was often visited and prayed for by all the Clergy that lived near to him, especially by his friends the Bishop and Prebends of the Cathedral Church in Salisbury; but by none more devoutly than his wife, his three nieces—then a part of his family—and Mr Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay; to whom he would often speak to this purpose: "I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see, that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise him that I am not to learn patience now I stand in such need of it; and that I have practised mortification, and endeavoured to die daily, that I might not die eternally; and my hope is, that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain; and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it: and this being past, I shall dwell in the New Jerusalem; dwell there with men made perfect; dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus; and with him see my dear mother, and all my relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place. And this is my content, that I am going daily towards it: and that every day which I have lived, hath taken a part of my appointed time from me; and that I shall live the less time, for having lived this and the day past." These, and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of Heaven before he enjoyed it. The Sunday before his

death, he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand and said,

*My God, my God,
My music shall find thee,
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing.*

And having tuned it, he played and sung:

*The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King:
On Sundays Heaven's door stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.*

Thus he sung on earth such Hymns and Anthems, as the Angels, and he, and Mr Farrer, now sing in Heaven.

Thus he continued meditating, and praying, and rejoicing, till the day of his death; and on that day said to Mr Woodnot, "My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter; for I shall suddenly go hence, and be no more seen." Upon which expression Mr Woodnot took occasion to remember him of the re-edifying Layton Church, and his many acts of mercy. To which he made answer, saying, "They be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise." After this discourse he became more restless, and his soul seemed to be weary of her earthly tabernacle; and this uneasiness became so visible, that his wife, his three nieces, and Mr Woodnot, stood constantly about his bed, beholding him with sorrow, and an unwillingness to lose the sight of him, whom they could not hope to see much longer. As they stood thus beholding him, his wife observed him to breathe faintly, and with much trouble, and observed him to fall into a sudden agony; which so surprised her, that she fell into

a sudden passion, and required of him to know how he did. To which his answer was, "that he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him by the merits of his Master Jesus." After which answer, he looked up, and saw his wife and nieces weeping to an extremity, and charged them, if they loved him, to withdraw into the next room, and there pray every one alone for him; for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable. To which request their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply; but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving only with him Mr Woodnot and Mr Bostock. Immediately after they had left him, he said to Mr Bostock, "Pray, Sir, open that door, then look into that cabinet, in which you may easily find my last Will, and give it into my hand": which being done, Mr Herbert delivered it into the hand of Mr Woodnot, and said, "My old friend, I here deliver you my last Will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole Executor for the good of my wife and nieces; and I desire you to shew kindness to them, as they shall need it: I do not desire you to be just; for I know you will be so for your own sake; but I charge you, by the religion of our friendship, to be careful of them." And having obtained Mr Woodnot's promise to be so, he said, "I am now ready to die." After which words, he said, "Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me: but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now Lord, Lord, now receive my soul." And with those words he breathed forth his divine soul, without any apparent disturbance, Mr Woodnot and Mr Bostock attending his last breath, and closing his eyes.

Thus he lived, and thus he died, like a Saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life; which I cannot conclude better, than with this borrowed observation:

—All must to their cold graves:
But the religious actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.

Mr George Herbert's have done so to this, and will doubtless do so to succeeding generations.—I have but this to say more of him; that if Andrew Melvin died before him, then George Herbert died without an enemy. I wish—if God shall be so pleased—that I may be so happy as to die like him.

IZ. WA.

NOTES

(The numbers refer to pages)

3 Introduction. Originally written for the first collected edition of Donne's *Sermons* (1640).

5 Judge Rastall. William Rastall (1508-1565), printer and lawyer, was the son of a sister of Sir Thomas More. He edited More's works and his abridgement of the Statutes was published in 1557.

Picus Mirandula (1463-1494), "a paragon of beauty and genius," was a member of the Academy of Florence and at his death was planning an immense work dealing with Christian and Platonic theology.

Hart-Hall was founded in the 13th century. Five centuries later it became Hertford College and after a period of decay was re-founded as the present Hertford College in 1874.

6 Cambridge. Donne matriculated at Cambridge on 23 October 1584. For his doctorate of divinity, see p. 28 and note.

7 Cardinal Bellarmine (1542-1621) a famous Catholic teacher and controversialist. He was made a cardinal in 1599 and was the author of *Disputationes de Controversiis Christianae Fidei* (1593).

Dean of Gloucester. Antony Rudd, Dean of Gloucester (1584-1594) and afterwards Bishop of St David's.

Cales and Island voyages. In the first of these expeditions Cadiz was successfully stormed; the second, which was a scheme to capture the Spanish at the Western Islands (the Azores) was a failure.

10 Samuel Brooke, chaplain both to James I and Charles I, became Master of Trinity in 1629. His brother Christopher was a poet and the friend of John Selden and Ben Jonson. Two of Donne's poems are addressed to Christopher.
enlarged, released.

12 Dr Morton (1564-1659) successively bishop of Chester, Lichfield and Durham, was noted for the courage with which he fought the Plague at York in 1602. He was impeached and imprisoned during the Civil War.

- 18 Sir Robert Drewry.** Walton's chronology is wrong here. Henry IV of France was assassinated on 14 May 1610. Sir Robert went to France at the end of 1611, but Lord Hay did not go as ambassador until 1616. (Gosse, *Life of Donne*, I, 275.) The story of Donne's vision of his dead child does not occur in the 1640 version of the *Life*.
- 23 Bishop Montague** (1568-1618) was the first Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. He afterwards became Bishop of Winchester and was the editor and translator of the works of James I.
- Doctor Andrews.** Lancelot Andrewes (1555-1626) Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge and afterwards Bishop of Chichester, Ely and Winchester, was one of the translators of the Authorised Version of the Bible.
- 24 Theobald's.** A mansion in Essex built by Lord Burleigh in Elizabeth's reign. It was destroyed in the course of the Civil War.
- 25 St Austin.** "So I went to Milan, and was received there by Ambrose the bishop... That man of God received me with fatherly kindness and welcomed my removal to Milan with the hospitality of a true bishop."—St Augustine, *Confessions*, v, xiii, 23.
- "Alypius was attached to me in the closest intimacy and shared my hesitation as to the true path in life."—*Ibid.* VI, x, 16.
- 26 Dr King.** John King, Bishop of London from 1611 to 1621.
- 28 Cambridge.** James I visited Cambridge in March 1615, but the Vice-Chancellor was obdurate about giving doctors' degrees. The king's entreaty for John Donne did not prevail, but Donne had the degree by royal mandate shortly afterwards (Cooper, *Annals of Cambridge*, III, 74).
- 33 St Dunstan in the West.** The church on the north side of Fleet Street, between Chancery Lane and Fetter Lane.
- 34 Henry King.** Son of John King (p. 26) and famous as a preacher and poet; "the first and never the least ardent of Donne's disciples."
- 35 the best Prebend's corps, i.e.** the estate of a prebendary or canon.
- 36 Devotions upon Emergent Occasions,** published in 1624.

- 39 **But now, O Lord...** The reference is to the period of the Civil War, when St Paul's Cross was demolished and parts of the cathedral were used for the quartering of troops.

Heliotropium. Bloodstone. According to Pliny, the stone is "a deepe green...garnished with veins of blood; the reason of the name is...that if it be throwne into a pale of water, it changeth the rays of the Sun...into a bloody colour."

Lady Magdalen Herbert. See pp. 63, 66 ff. of this edition.

Dr Hall. Joseph Hall (1574-1656), a royalist bishop who was the author of poems and devotional works as well as of tracts against the Puritans.

Dr Duppa. Brian Duppa (1588-1662) was another royalist bishop who was tutor to Charles II when he was Prince of Wales. He became Bishop of Winchester at the Restoration.

- 42 **Prudentius.** A Christian poet of the fourth century whose hymns and other works were widely read in the Middle Ages.

- 44 **Model of Gold of the Synod of Dort.** The Synod met at Dort, in Holland, in 1618 to examine certain theological questions, and a gold medal was struck to commemorate it. Donne wrote in his will "that medal of gold" (Gosse, II, 360).

Padre Paulo and Fulgentio. Paolo Sarpi (1552-1623) was the leader of the Venetian Republic in her struggle against the Papal power. Fulgentio was the friend of Paolo Sarpi and wrote a *Life* of him.

- 47 The translations given in the footnotes appear to have been interpolated first in Major's edition of the *Lives* (1825).
- 53 **Epitaph.** The following is a translation made by Francis Wrangham (1769-1842):

JOHN DONNE
Doctor of Divinity,

after various studies, pursued by him from his earliest years
with assiduity, and not without success,
entered into Holy Orders

under the influence & impulse of the Divine Spirit
and by the advice & exhortation of King James,

in the year of his Saviour, 1614, & of his own age, 42.

Having been invested with the Deanery of this Church,

November 27, 1621,

he was stripped of it by Death, on the last day of March, 1631:
and here, though set in dust, he beholdeth
Him whose name is the Rising

- 64 Edward Herbert.** Generally known as Lord Herbert of Cherbury. His *History of Henry VIII* is of less importance than his philosophical work (*De Veritate*) and his *Autobiography*, which was first printed by Horace Walpole in 1764.
- 65 Dr Nevil.** Thomas Nevile was Master of Trinity from 1593 to 1615. He was largely responsible for the building of the Great Court and also of the court which bears his name.
- 67 St Chrysostom.** The most famous of the Greek Fathers of the early Christian Church. He became Archbishop of Constantinople, but was deposed as the result of his denunciation of the Empress Eudoxia and the imperial court. He died in 407 A.D.
- St Hierome.** Paula, a high-born Roman lady, being moved by the preaching of St Jerome (340-420) made a pilgrimage to Palestine and settled in Bethlehem, where she died in 404 A.D. St Jerome wrote an account of her journey.
- 71 Orator.** The office was founded in 1522 and still continues. The Orator's chief duties are to write ceremonial letters and addresses on behalf of the University and to present eminent persons for honorary degrees.
- 72 Basilicon Doron.** A book dealing with the king's duties and containing a fierce attack upon Presbyterianism. It was first printed in 1599 in a private edition of seven copies.
- Quid Vaticanam.** . . . "Why, stranger, dost thou boast of the Vatican and Bodleian? We have a single Book which is itself a Library."
- Andrew Melvin,** or Melville (1545-1622) was one of the fiercest Presbyterian controversialists. After his release from the Tower in 1611, he was made Professor of Theology at Sedan. Herbert's work was entitled *Musae Responsoriae ad Andreae Melvini. . . . Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoriam*.
- 73 Causa tibi mecum.** . . . "A common cause has brought us to prison—you, Arabella (a fair altar); me, a sacred altar." It is impossible to give the effect of the Latin pun (not a very good one) in English.
- Dr Duport.** James Duport was Professor of Greek at Cambridge 1639 to 1654 and afterwards became Master of Magdalene College.
- 78 Deacon . . . Layton Ecclesia.** Herbert was already a deacon when he was instituted to the prebend of Layton Ecclesia. (Daniell, *Life of Herbert*, p. 103.)

81 Commencement. Commencement Day at Cambridge was the day near the end of the Summer term on which degrees were "made perfect," and the "creation" of Masters and Doctors was performed with much ceremony. The preceding Sunday was known as Commencement Sunday and was marked by a parade of all members of the university, wearing their academic dress, in the public walks. The day on which degrees are given (about the middle of June) is still known as Commencement Tuesday.

Snarles. Tangles, knots.

92 The Country Parson. *A Priest to the Temple, or, The Countrey Parson* was first published as part of Herbert's *Remains* in 1652; the work was edited by Barnabas Oley, Fellow of Clare College and afterwards Archdeacon of Ely. A second edition of *The Country Parson* was printed in 1671.

105 Nicholas Farrer (more commonly known as Ferrar) was a man of affairs before he retired to Little Gidding. He was intimately connected for some time with the Virginia Company and sat as a Member of Parliament. J. H. Shorthouse's *John Inglesant* gives a picture of the Little Gidding community.

108 John Valdesso. Ferrar's translation of *The Hundred and Ten Considerations* was printed, with Herbert's notes, in 1638. It was originally written in Spanish and "first set forth in Italian" by Cœlius Secundus Curio in 1550. Ferrar's translation was made from the Italian.

110 The Temple. Printed at the University Press, Cambridge, in 1633.

113 All must to their cold graves... Adapted from

Your heads must come

To the cold tomb:

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley (1596-1666)

Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.

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